THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 7, 1929
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The
BYSTANDER

MISS CHILI BOUCHIER.

The beautiful Anglo-French film star who plays lead in "The City of Play," which was recently produced at the Gainsborough Studios. She was formerly a mannequin at Harrods.

Raphael

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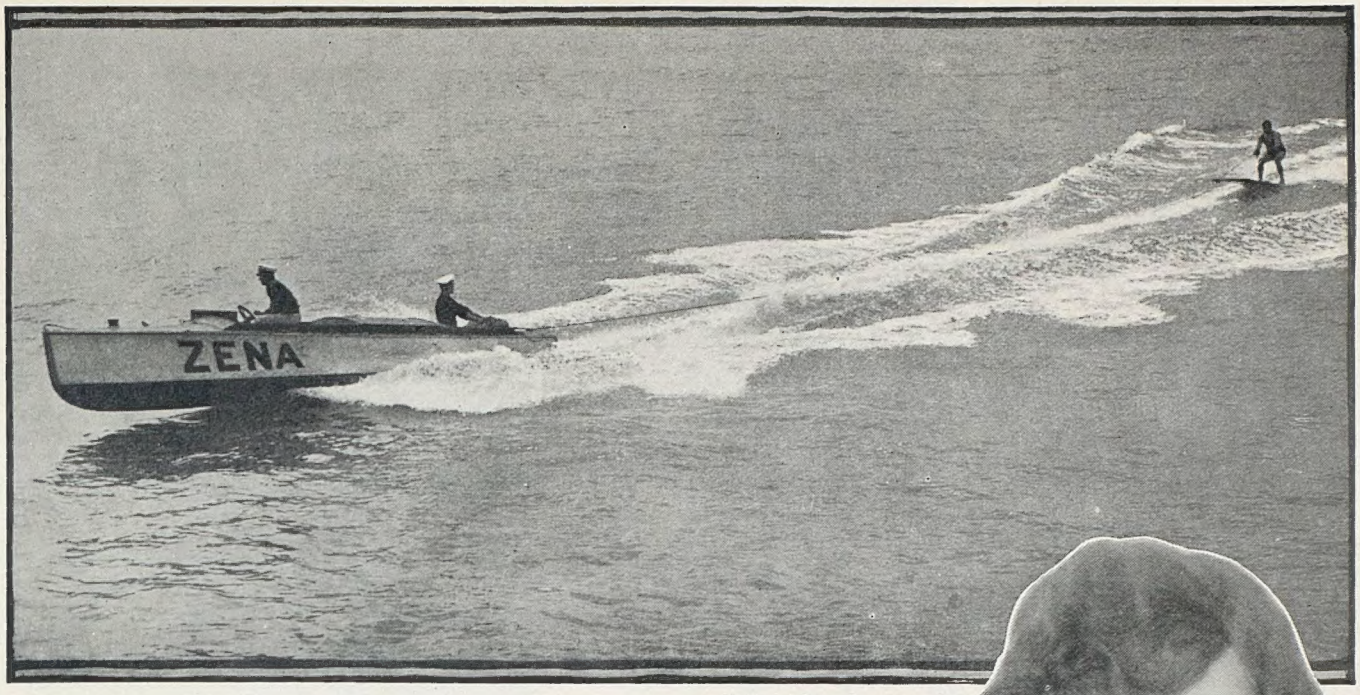


Sport and General

SPEED—AND YET MORE SPEED

Some of the fastest motor boats in Europe were on view at the Bournemouth Motor Boat Regatta. Here is seen a motor boat going at full speed with a passenger surf riding

The Passing Hour

London Still Full in August

IT has always struck me as a complete fallacy that August is always regarded as the empty month of the year in London. If you dine and dance in its restaurants you will find them hardly less crowded than usual, though the observant may detect a large number of Americans among them. Theatres certainly do not regard August as a completely slump month; managements even produce new plays despite this legend of the town's desertion.

I had to come to London unexpectedly last August, and I tried a dozen hotels before I was able to secure a room. They were all packed out. No, it is not August, but September that is the really empty month in the year.

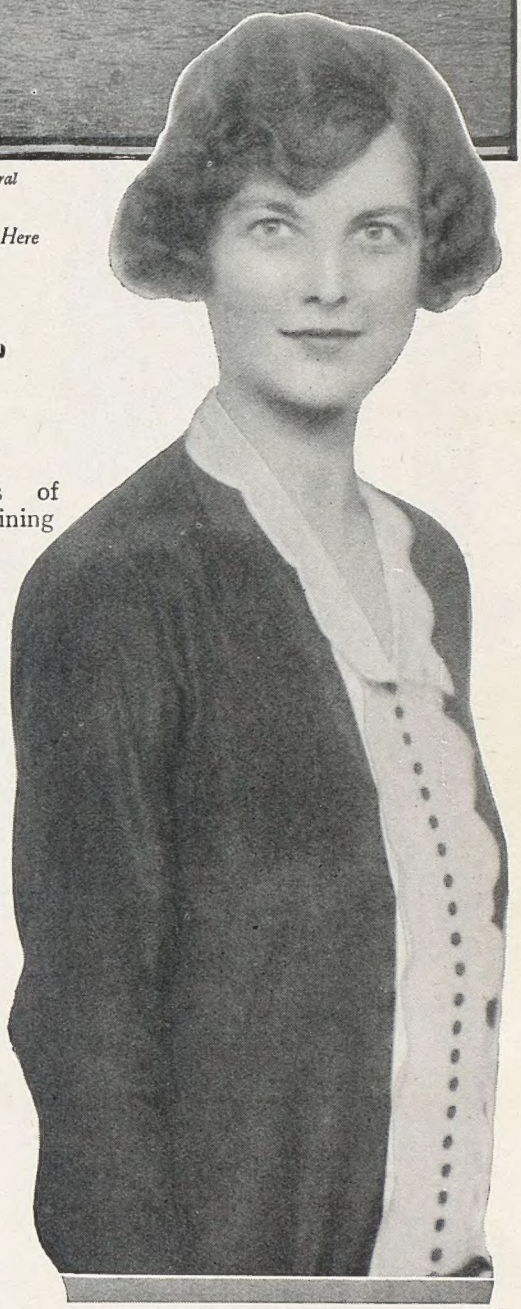
During August people are constantly returning to London for a few days on their way from Cowes and the Continent to Scotland and the country, but in September they are scattered until the autumn, and theatres and restaurants bear evidence of their absence. September is the month to be away.

Society goes to Goodwood

THE Duke and Duchess of Richmond were entertaining their first house-party for the Goodwood races. Last year mourning for the late Duke in January precluded any form of hospitality. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles were among their guests, which was much of a family party, for it included the Earl of March, the Duke's only son, his daughters, Lady Amy Coats and Lady Doris Vyner, with Captain Coats and Mr. Clare Vyner, and his brother and sister, Lady Violet Brassey and Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox. Lady Violet Brassey is the wife of that most genial and companionable of men, Sir Leonard Brassey. He suffered severe defeat at the General Election when Labour increased their vote by over five thousand and unseated him from what was generally regarded as a Conservative stronghold.

Peers, Paddock and Polo

THE freedom of the members' stand that for the first time was extended to women this year was much



Fevare

Miss Felicity Micklethwaite, younger daughter of the late Mr. Richard Key Micklethwaite, of Ardsley House, Barnsley, Yorks, whose engagement has just been announced to Major Guy Straker, M.C. (late 15th Hussars,) only son of Mr Herbert Straker, M.F.H., of Hartforth Grange, Richmond, Yorkshire

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IN CUPID'S TOILS — MANY PRETTY

Express Photo

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S NIECE WEDS

The marriage between Mr. Thompson McLintock and Miss Joan Aitken took place last week. The happy pair photographed as they were leaving St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, after the ceremony

onslaught on Lady Alexander. Unfortunately, the thieves did not steal from her wardrobe, for then, such are the unique fashions Lady Alexander favours, they might well have been traced and caught. After this Lady Diana Duff-Cooper had her car and her dressing-case stolen. The car was recovered, but the dressing-case, which contained objects of particularly sentimental value, is still at large. Then, following Lady Wimborne's dance, thieves broke in and escaped with part of her jewellery. It suggests that one and the same gang are responsible for the lot.

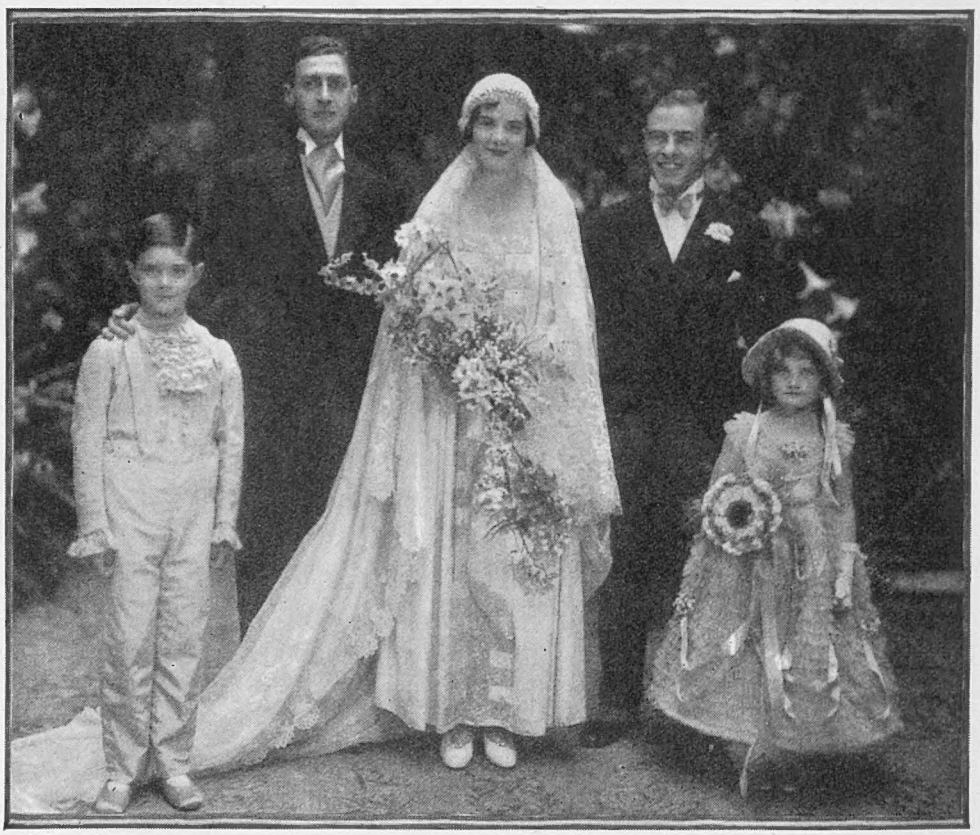
A Tango Revival?

LADY WIMBORNE I happened to see after the gala performance at the Opera in honour of the King of Egypt. She was at the Embassy, and I must admit the jewellery she wore bore no apparent evidence of the thieves' depredation. Something occurred at the Embassy that night that I do not think I have seen there before. Five couples responded to the band playing a tango and at the Embassy, where even acquaintances cut each other to be certain they are not prejudicing their social future in the eyes of others, such participation in what is still an unconventional dance here was astonishing. What was more astonishing was that after the first two pairs had braved the empty floor, the Prince of Wales joined them with the beautiful Lady Furness. Usually the band never plays a tango when he is there, but after this it may revive a fashion for a dance that has all the dignity and grace of some of its Victorian predecessors. I hope so.

"Fannie, the Granny," and the Kinde Dragon

LATER in the evening I found myself in the Elizabethan surroundings of a little dancing resort in St. Martin's Lane known as the Kinde Dragon, and I also found myself sitting next that amazing American "flapper," Miss Fannie Ward, who admits to being sixty and more, but looks—and I am not Miss Ward's publicity agent—thirty and less. She jumped up on the piano and sang burlesques of popular songs with all the vitality that her daughter, Lady Plunkett, puts into her exhibition dances. Somebody tried to argue that Miss Ward was English by birth, though to hear her speak should be sufficient evidence of her

A naval wedding at Topsham, Devon, when Lt.-Commander Miss Veronica Halliday at St. Margaret's Church, Topsham by a bevy of beautiful bridesmaids who are pictured above are on view in the



Lenare

A group taken after the marriage of Miss R. M. S. Vanderfelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs S. G. Vanderfelt of Woldingham, Surrey, to Mr. Cyril Salmon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Salmon. The best man was Mr. Julian Salmon, the bridegroom's brother

WEDDINGS COMPLETE THE SEASON

Topical Press

W. J. Phipps, R.N., was married to the bride was accompanied to the altar Some infantile helpers at the ceremony foreground

Topical Press

Above will be seen Lt.-Commander W. J. Phipps, R.N., and his bride after the ceremony

Central News

At Chichester Cathedral Miss Dorothy May Parkington, daughter of Commander Parkington, R.N., was married to Lieut.-Commander J. T. Apps. A guard of honour was formed outside the cathedral by officers of H.M.S. Emperor of India

origin. Her accent is inherent. However, as an American dramatic critic once congratulated her on her American accent, believing she was English, others must suffer the same delusion as to her original nationality. I imagine this mistaken idea must arise from the fact that her first husband was a South African diamond merchant, Mr. Joe Lewis. Nobody enjoys jokes against herself better than Miss Ward, and I always like that old American tag: "Don't hit that little girl, stranger, it might be Fannie Ward."

A World Favourite—Maurice Chevalier

ENGLISH actors and actresses do, of course, become completely Americanised living in the States. Nobody, I imagine, would believe Miss Lynn Fontanne to be English if they had not been told. With our present dearth of good acting, one might almost say that she is too good an actress to be English! I made a pilgrimage from the country to watch her last performance in *Caprice*, and though this was the third time of seeing her it had all the exhilaration of a first introduction. There is, however, another foreign actor here now who compensates for her departure, and that is Maurice Chevalier in the film, *Innocents of Paris*, one of the stupidest I have yet seen; but the story is fortunately immaterial, it is only Chevalier that counts. He is superb. Beside the harsh screech of the American voices his French accent is as a voice from home. By the way, after *Caprice* I walked towards the river by way of Northumberland Avenue. Outside the stage door of the Playhouse was a small crowd. They were waiting for Miss Gladys Cooper. I had thought such enthusiasm for the personalities of the theatre had been entirely transferred to the lawn tennis players and the ballet dancers.

Speed or Comfort?

THERE are two factors that appear to have been but lightly stressed in the excitement caused by the Bremen's record crossing of the Atlantic. One was the excessive vibration from her screws and the other the smoke that blew down from her low-built stacks. The latter nuisance can very readily be overcome, but vibration is practically unavoidable when high speed is maintained, and the only reason the Mauretania, Berengaria, Olympic

THAT BLUE RIBBON OF THE ATLANTIC

P. and A.

T. Aitkin

CELEBRITIES AT COWES

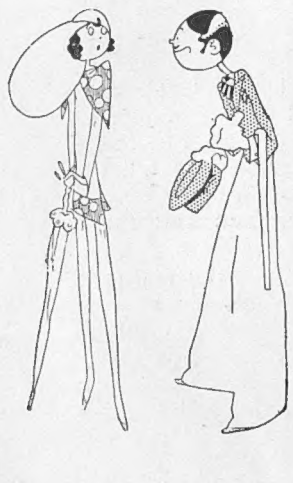
Constance Duchess of Westminster talking to Sir Philip Hunloke, the King's helmsman. Sir Philip's son has recently become engaged to Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire

Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, who are entertaining at Cowes on their motor schooner, Maid Marian

Other Cowes photographs will be found on pp. 296 and 297

and other ships of similar power and tonnage do not drive their engines at excessive pace is out of consideration for the passengers.

The craze for speed travel must necessarily, at this stage at least, be accompanied by some discomfort, but I wonder if, after the first novelty of voyaging in the Bremen has passed, people will not prefer a less exhausting passage in other ships. Personally, I consider the Bremen's record exaggerated out of its proper significance. She will not be able to maintain these swift passages in bad weather, also it will probably be found to prove financially a loss to maintain the cost of the enormous consumption of fuel. Had she aimed at cheaper transport with proper comfort and speed she would have achieved more for the trans-Atlantic crossing. Too much attention is given nowadays to luxury travel rather than to the preponderating numbers who wish to journey economically. One thing the Bremen has proved, and that is that fast liners can hold their own with airships.



The Haig Statue Hullabaloo

ARGUMENT over the proposed Haig Memorial threatens to assume the contentious proportions that a new Epstein statue provokes. Certainly Mr. Hardiman's work cannot be considered in the nature of an inspired piece of art, but had he achieved a fine equestrian statue it might have appeared somewhat incongruous in contrast with the appalling erections that already litter our public places. In many ways it would

RACING HINTS

Turf enthusiasts who have followed the horses named here weekly on the system of each wayers until each animal has proved successful can show a good profit to date. One of my plums at Goodwood was Quick Light at 20 to 1 against. Here are four more names to add to the list.

CHRISTOPHER

(B.G., by Sicyon—Sister of Mercy). Owner, Mr. J. S. Austen. Trainer, C. Waugh. After his promising performance over five furlongs at Newmarket, when he finished fifth to Fair Sky, was confidently supported to win the Surrey Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Hurst Park, but failed to overhaul Marion West Filly. Keep a watchful eye on Christopher.

LOVELINESS

(B. F., by Bhuidhaomach—Fulneck). Owner, Major T. Bardwell. Trainer, C. Leader. Ran strongly throughout in the Wimbledon Selling Plate (one mile and a quarter), but could make no impression on Pounce. It was in a mile race she showed up prominently at Newmarket.

ABERDOVEY

(Ch. G., by Abbotts Trace—Willow Song). Owner, Sir E. Hanmer. Trainer, Peacock. Was well backed for the Yorkshire Handicap Plate (one mile) at Pontefract, and was only beaten three-quarters of a length. Finished third in a race of one mile one furlong at Newcastle in June. Will win in the North.

CORPORAL NYM

(B. G., by Swynford—Nymphida). Owner, Lord Derby. Trainer, Butters. In a strongly run race finished second to Don Pat for the Vyner Plate (seven furlongs) at Hurst Park, was backed with confidence. Was seventh of fourteen over a mile at Kempton in May.

"OLD ORKNEY"

ON WITH

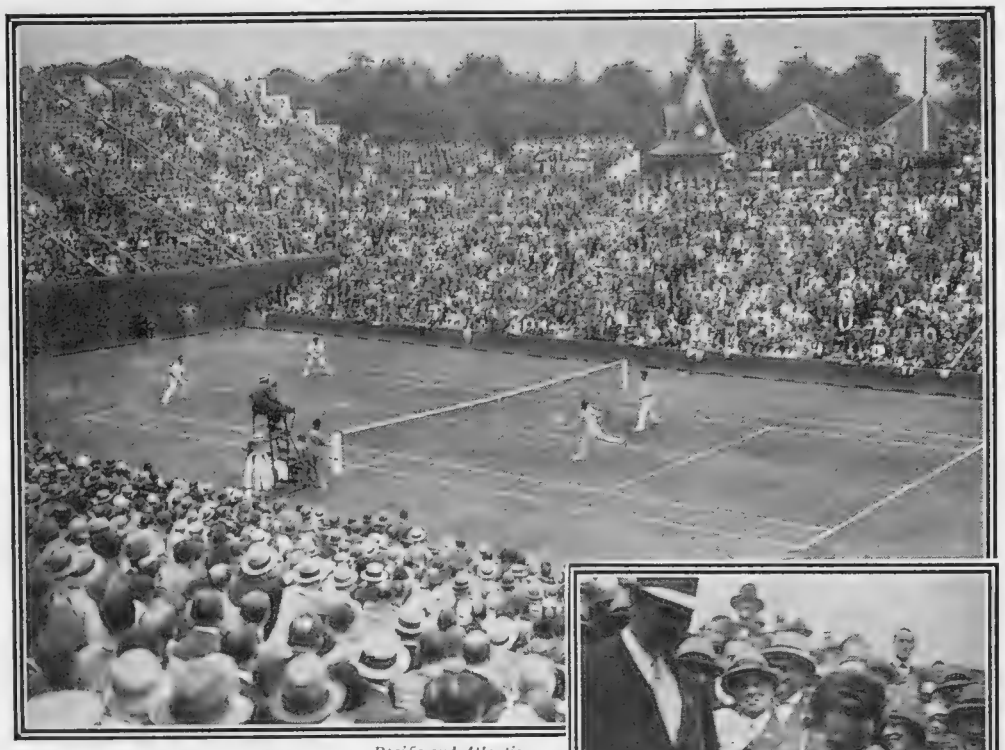
An impression, specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by H. H. Harris, of the popular holiday by dancing. Miss Peggy O'Neil is sitting centre, further on the right is known as the Ruthven Twins, while in the foreground is the*

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS IN AUGUST

have been a more permanent tribute to the memory of the Field-Marshal had it been decided to endow another Memorial, such as an additional ward to a hospital, a library, or even such an innovation as a public gymnasium, something that in, say, 2029, would still be a live testimonial to his part in the War, rather than a statue that no one will notice a hundred years from now. Also, it seems rather unnecessary further to upset traffic in Whitehall.

Enter the "Proms" once again

SATURDAY evening of August 10 will be a gala night for many people in London. It is not the opening of a new night club, but the beginning of the Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, organised by the British Broadcasting Company. By the numbers that nightly attend these concerts, the reiterated accusation of our dislike for music seems entirely unfounded. Monday nights are again being devoted to Wagner, and Fridays to Beethoven, and on both these evenings one may be assured of seeing all the admirers of both composers regularly in their places. Those who heard Honegger's symbolism of an express American air, "Pacific 231," will no doubt be curious to see how he interprets a piece that he has called "Rugby." If it in any way approximates to the noise of the crowd at the Varsity match it should be a deafening success. Sir Henry Wood, as heretofore, will be the conductor-in-chief.



Pacific and Atlantic

The Davis Cup Finals between France (holders) and America were played at the Roland Garros Stadium, Paris, and ended in a victory for France by three matches to two. An unexpected result, pictured above, was the victory of the two young Americans Allisson and Van Ryn, who easily beat Cochet and Borotra. The losers are on the left

P. and A.

A distinguished spectator of the Davis Cup Final was Alain Gerbault, the famous lawn tennis player, who had only just returned from a world cruise in his ten-ton ketch. He received a tremendous ovation from the crowd and an affectionate greeting, seen above, from his compatriot, Cochet

THE DANCE By H. H. Harris

Café de Paris. On the left may be observed Mr. Fred Astaire taking a busman's Lord Illingworth, ex-Postmaster General. Just above are a couple who are still maitre d'hotel, Conti, attending to the wants of the guests

AT THE PLAY

MALTBY'S NEW METHODS AND

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

"Bees and Honey," at the New Theatre

H. F. MALTBY is a dramatist at whom critics have in the past pointed a finger and accused him of being cynical and satirical. I think the critics were right, and, considering how little the great B.P. appreciates satire, I am somewhat surprised that in some of his earlier plays he "got away with it." But he did! And "The Rotters," first produced in 1916, still runs merrily on tour.

Now this dramatist has become a little tired of having his plays thus labelled. Indeed, I believe, as a counterblast, he has written a play so full of sentiment that compared with it saccharine would taste as salt, but this so far has not been produced. In the meanwhile, however, just to show that he can cut out the cynicism, our Mr. Maltby has written a farce which might almost be labelled rollicking. Entitled *Bees and Honey*, this was produced at the New Theatre last week.

THE peg on which most of the fun is hung is lack of funds, and the poor fellow who is in this painful predicament is none other than Reginald Marmaduke, fourteenth Earl of Cavender, who was born ruined, thanks to unfortunate speculations by his papa. His only visible means of support is Cavender Castle, to which he clings, but the longer he clings the more hard up he becomes.

WHEN the story starts the servants have not been paid their wages for two months; his lady secretary, whom he found at a night club, is also unpaid; creditors are clamouring at the castle gates; the gas company has been nasty in the main, for they have turned it off there, and the electric company threaten to stop the "juice." Nevertheless, the young Earl is entertaining a house-party, and included in that party is Sadie Ogden, an American millionairess.

DAWKINS, the Earl's invaluable butler, eggs on the Earl to propose to this lady to save the family fortunes; his secretary does likewise, but double-crosses her master by warning the Yankee heiress that it is her money the Earl wants. Reginald Marmaduke, though greatly smitten with his secretary, does so, and is turned down good and proper, and the outlook appears dark, especially as the electric light company carry out their threat.

THE rather obvious twist is then employed, and the real heiress is revealed in the lady secretary, while the supposed heiress is collared by the police.

YES, as you may agree, the story itself is somewhat hackneyed, but H. F. Maltby is too good a dramatist to be hampered by this circumstance. His detail is full of robust humour; his character-drawing reveals many touches of observation, and in the telling of the tale he is never at a loss to provide amusing incidents and business which keep an audience thoroughly amused.

CLIFFORD MOLLISON was genuinely amusing as the hard-up Earl, and the important part of the Butler was played by Allan Aynesworth with delightfully dignified deportment. A really amusing character study which carried conviction, except in one respect, and that was his *penchant* for the rhyming slang which gives the play its title, for *Bees and Honey* in that peculiar form of speech means money. No! It is as difficult to believe that Dawkins would use this slang as that a bishop would recite lewd limericks at a church congress.

SHAKESPEARE SOILED

Sketches of the Co-Optimists at the Vaudeville by H. H. HARRIS

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Apollo

THIS is another modern dress affair, and, having seen the not particularly merry wives at the Apollo Theatre, my annoyance with Sir Barry Jackson, who started the silly game, has increased. Even though Shakespeare may be for all time, that is no reason why twentieth-century coats and trousers, in addition to all sorts of modern inventions, should be introduced into his plays.

BUT, not content with these, producer Oscar Asche, who himself plays Falstaff, has tampered with the text. There are references to taxis; greyhound racing at Wembley; "2 to 1 on the field"; the manufactures of Messrs. Bryant and May—"have you a match?"—to say nothing of Falstaff's gag which compares something or other—I was so bored with the whole performance that I quite forget what—to "smelling like Piccadilly at closing time"!

I MAINTAIN that it is an error in taste and judgment for managers to save money on costumes by playing Shakespeare in modern dress, but to bring up to date Shakespeare's dialogue is simply criminal.

WHAT makes this Apollo production still more aggravating is that there are actors in the cast who could have made this Shakespearian frolic really amusing had the period been stuck to. Oscar Asche himself has done well in Shakespeare in the past. He was an admirable Christopher Sly and Petruchio. Alfred Clarke and Robert Atkins are soaked in Elizabethan tradition, and D. Hay Petrie is another actor who excels in Shakespeare as written by the Bard. It was pitiful to see this clever artist as Parson Hugh Evans trying to get a cheap laugh by talking about choler and indicating his collar. A joke of this sort is unworthy of a bar parlour in a village inn. That the play-going public is of the same way of thinking as myself will, I believe, be proved by the length of the run.

The Co-Optimists at the Vaudeville

AS will be seen by the pictures on this page, H. H. Harris has been to the Vaudeville. He tells me that this entertaining show was one long laugh from start to finish, which proves that the company are now not only a happy band, but able to infect an audience with their own light-heartedness. Just as it should—and used to—be. V. W.

Why Americans Stay Away

By LT.-COL. ELWY JONES

It looks as if the liquor trade were once more to be interfered with! A Labour Government is in office, if not in power, and it is necessary for the Premier to "makes a gesture" which will appeal to his many Pussyfoot supporters inside the Cabinet and outside in the country.

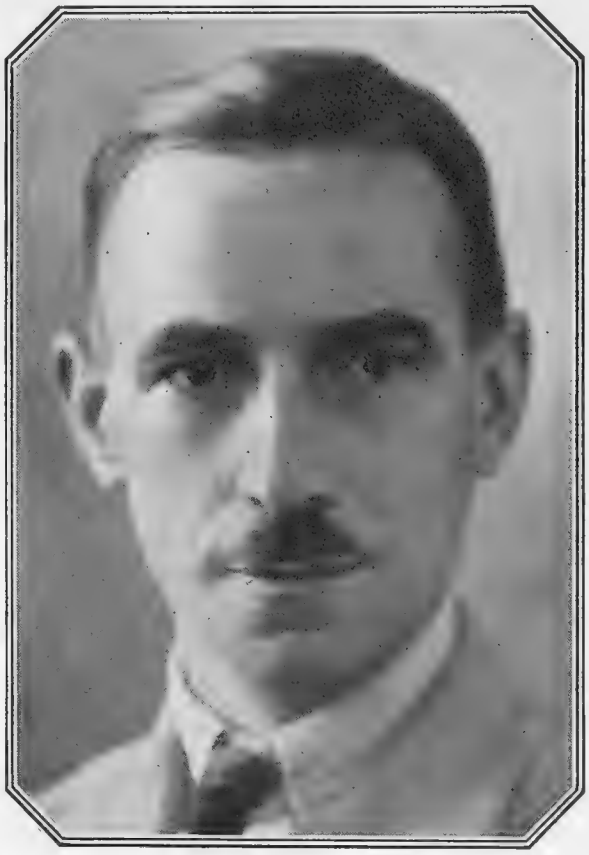
This gesture takes the form of setting up a "Liquor Inquiry," which, in due time, will recommend certain courses. What these may be it is impossible to state with certitude. The members of this Inquiry may go the whole hog and recommend Total Prohibition, or they may—less daring—suggest a form of Local Option. Both alternatives are probable. What is impossible is that the absurd restrictions which, eleven years after the War, are still retained, will be in any way altered to give more liberty to the subject, and restore to the public the rights they previously possessed.

It is also possible that the Commission will suggest the nationalisation of the Liquor Trade; and were such a project carried through it is equally certain that this nationalisation would mean a further restriction on the consumption of liquor. That any of these recommendations would cost the country millions a year—millions which would doubtless be shifted on to the shoulders of that patient ass, the income-tax payer, in order to recoup the loss thus incurred—is a viewpoint which would doubtless heartily commend itself to our present Chancellor of the Exchequer!

But this liquor restriction business, bad as it is now, would be still worse if our rights are going to be further curtailed from the point of view of visitors to these shores.

The wealthiest nation in the two hemispheres is the American, and we should do all in our power to attract them to Britain. At present they assuredly come here, but they do not land in such large numbers, or stay so long as they might, because they prefer the liberty to be obtained on the Continent to the restrictions to be found on these shores.

To emphasise this point let me quote a few figures. In 1928 four thousand *fewer* visitors from the United States landed in this country and six thousand *more* landed in France! Of South American visitors only about 5 per cent. come to the United Kingdom. The rest seek their relaxation unhampered on the Continent.



Raphael

Lt.-Col. Elwy Jones, of the Piccadilly Hotel, has years of experience in the business of entertaining overseas and other visitors. In this article he places his finger on two or three weak spots which drive the Americans to the Continent

"Dora" undoubtedly has much to do with visitors giving us the cold shoulder, for Americans, smarting under their own Prohibition, resent the futile restrictions remaining from what was purely a War-time measure.

Why should they be rushed from a theatre in order to arrive at a restaurant in time to order their wine before twelve, after which hour it is against the law to accept an order? Having successfully steered through the inevitable traffic jams, caused by the after-theatre traffic, and beaten "Dora" by a short head, they are faced with the stern command that their drinks must be consumed by thirty minutes after the midnight hour; and, mark you, if they should be so daring as to drink a liqueur with their coffee and fail to retain some portion of food on the table, they commit a most serious offence! Is it not natural that foreigners resent these grandmotherly restrictions?

Berlin and Paris—to name but two cities—have no such restrictions. There is a welcome there for every visitor anxious to sample night life. But, thanks to "Dora," there is no night life in London to-day. Even well-known dance clubs—to which the visitor is unable to gain admission unless accompanied by a member—and a few restaurants who do their damnedest to provide entertainment, are all hampered by the devastating hand of "Dora."

Again, *we* do not possess here Government Information Bureaux, as are to be found on the Continent, which act as guide, philosopher and friend to visitors, where information can be obtained as to the means of gaining admittance to race meetings, clubs and such like. All that the British Government does is to warn visitors that if their stay in this country is unduly prolonged they may be subject to income tax!

Plymouth is the first port of call for the big liners, and it shortens the passage by twenty-four hours as compared with Southampton, but passengers have to be landed by tender from the liners, which cannot be brought inside the breakwater. The landing is not comfortable, and many passengers prefer to go on to Cherbourg.

Some may not come here to stay at all, or perhaps for a few days only before returning. Representatives of the shipping companies are convinced that if it were made possible to bring the liners inside the breakwater conditions would be so much improved that many more would land at Plymouth.

There is an idea amongst Americans that they are not wanted here and are not popular. We should counter this. Americans are looked upon as something different from foreigners, rather, in fact, like distant relations one has never seen. An American lady visiting this country for the first time said, "When I heard the Passport officers call out, 'Americans and other *non-British*, I felt quite a thrill. I felt proud not to be looked upon as a foreigner, and to be in a country where I spoke the same language was just fine."

We start off with a tremendous advantage in the language question. Why not push this advantage home? Why not institute a campaign of advertising, suggest—truthfully—that our beauty spots, our cities, our racing fixtures, and our social events are unequalled elsewhere? If, at the same time, we could—also truthfully—inform visitors that no longer would they be treated as naughty children and be smacked and put to bed if up at 12.30, we should, I am sure, recapture a lost market.

PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT CABARET

By HANNEN SWAFFER

BEFORE the War Melville Gideon used to play the piano at Oddenino's and sing ragtime songs. The same people used to go every night. Melville got a shilling a plate. Luvain chanted Hawaiian ditties. Fancy, Melville and Honolulu!

That was almost the beginning, in London, of this so-called "cabaret."

Soon after Pearl Aufrere, who was then engaged to the present Lord Cowley, sang in the Cave of the Golden Calf, a gaily painted cellar, run by Strindberg's widow, near Regent Street. We have moved since then. . . .

IN the pre-War night clubs of London I do not remember a cabaret except that in the old Cosmo; before that we merely used to get drunk in some French or German joint in Soho—Helen Trix would stand up and whistle. She wasn't paid—she just liked doing it. So did other Americans who knew Jack May, the Two Bobs and Hedges Brothers and Jacobsen.

That is in the half-forgotten past. Soon after Marillyn Miller, who can now earn as much as £1,000 a week in New York, sang with her sister at the Lotus, to which all theatrical London flocked on the first night, in Bedford Street, but which soon died the death.

IT was during the War that a London club staged the first night-club cabaret. Jack Haskell put it on, Melville Gideon wrote the music, Odette Myrtil was hired to play the violin, and girls, dressed as monkeys, climbed up the pillars as part of the show. The War was at its worst. I was horrified. I attacked this entertainment for all it was worth, and the cabaret soon died. They didn't belong to War-time.

Now the idea, reborn, is part of London's ordinary life. It brightens the night life of a metropolis to which too few foreigners come. Of the £100,000,000 spent in Europe every year by Americans, only £13,000,000 is expended here. They want the bright lights.

NOW—well, there is a cabaret in nearly every hotel, although the Ritz, Claridge's, and the Berkeley do not go in for them. "Hutch" has played the piano and sung at the Carlton; and Roseray and Capella, whose nude dance once frightened people at the Embassy, have danced there in more respectable attire; while the Savoy, which spends £1,000 a week on its band and artists, has had conjurors like Arnold de Biere. Their first try was with Moran and Mack, who, although since then have been made wealthy by their dialogue, "The Two Black Crows," were merely a failure.

A cartoon drawn by Strube for the "Daily Express" in 1921 depicting the horror of the unco quid at London being brightened

WHEN, in October, 1921, the Metropole started London's first hotel cabaret, the Midnight Follies, they had fights with the L.C.C., fights with the theatre managers, arguments with everybody.

"Why should the hotel come into the entertainment business?" said the Society of West End Managers and the Entertainments Protection Association. "If they can sell songs, we should be able to sell food. It is against the law."

Sir Francis Towle consulted Sir John Simon, and they won the battle for the hotels.

His Midnight Follies shows, which ran for six years and made a lot of money at thirty shillings a plate, were said to be better than Ziegfeld's Roof Garden. The Metropole's idea was copied all over London. No hotel was thought complete without a show of some kind.

IT was the Metropole that staged a ballet written to Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"; gave Gertrude Lawrence her first cabaret engagement at £30 a week; discovered the promise of Angela Baddeley in her £10 a week days; were almost the first to boost Jack Buchanan; and got Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge to do a show before they reached the real big-money class. They hired Frank Tinney, although he flopped, for his nerve had gone; and they discovered Moss and Fontana, the English dancers.

Charles Dillingham, the American manager, looking in one night, saw them, and said, "They're quite good. I've got a clever pair. Let's swap."

So Cortez and Peggy came over with the first sensational type of dance, but Dillingham changed his mind about Moss and Fontana.

William Morris

SOPHIE TUCKER

A very highly paid cabaret artist, of whom it was written "Here's Sophie Tucker, Queen of Song, And also Queen of 'Ong Bong Pong'"

When Ray Goetz took them to America instead, they created such a *furore* that police were called to control the crowds, and Dillingham, who could have had them for £40 a week, paid them £250 just to do a five-minute dance in *Sunny*. They were soon earning between £600 and £700 a week in New York, and they are doing it to this day.

"THE old-time cabaret show with scenery and elaborate costumes is dead," said Clifford Whitley, of the Hotel Metropole, to me, "but now the modern hotel has to have something besides a dance-floor. Dancing is no longer a craze. It's a habit."

"Yes, if a man takes his wife out to dinner," said Col. Elwy Jones, of the Piccadilly cabaret, "they usually get tired of talking, and then tired of dancing. Half an hour's show—that is what it has come to now—is just enough to brighten the evening up."

SOPHIE TUCKER is, of course, the Queen of London cabaret. She was paid £375 a week first at the Kit-Cat, and then, soon after, she got £50 more. When she returned her salary for cabaret and a music-hall appearance was £700. Sophie's return was even more successful than her first visit. Paul Whiteman, who created a sensation the first time he came here—that was at the Grafton Galleries, which he crowded night after night—flopped when he returned to the Kit-Cat. He found that Jack Hylton's band of Englishmen was better than his own, and that Jack was the better showman. Whiteman sulked, and, when the General Strike started, left England.

Ted Lewis was very successful when he showed with the Dolly Sisters, although, at first, the Dollys were upset because Bobbie Arnst, the beautiful dancing girl, got more applause than they did; but Lewis called a special rehearsal, and afterwards they all worked well together.

Claude Harris

Miss Zoe Palmer, mentioned by Mr Swaffer in his article, was in a celebrated "Florodora" Sextette at the Hotel Metropole. She became a film star in a day, and has just married Mr. Thomas Gabriel, a timber merchant

S. Georges

Rex Evans, described sometimes as the King of Cabaret Singers. He draws big audiences to the Café de Paris to listen to his witty personal songs and patter

THE finest musician who ever came to the Kit-Cat was Isham Jones, but he had no personality. Brooke Johns and his banjo came here with Goodie Montgomery, afterwards in *Good News*, and succeeded. The Kit-Cat's greatest flop was Bee Palmer, who brought the Shimmy-Shake when it was an old-fashioned thing and meant nothing. Francis White flopped. Oh, lots of them have been failures!

Lester Allen, who came with Nellie Breen, flopped. They were good on the halls, but when, on the first night, Allen called on famous artists having supper in the cabaret to stand up and do a show, just as they had done it for Sophie whenever she asked, no one responded. Sophie can do what she likes.

POGO has done a cabaret turn, and a man who grew on stilts, but the strangest show of all were four Welsh miners and a pianist. They were unemployed, and Col. Elwy Jones, getting them dressed up in new miners' clothes, hired them to sing Welsh songs at the Piccadilly. Billy Merson has tried to be a Master of Ceremonies at a cabaret, and Davy Burnaby has had a shot at making a fashionable audience sing "Don't be Cruel to a Vegetabule."

Gracie Fields, the cleverest artist of them all, was hired to draw crowds to the Café Royal. I have heard Billy Bennett do his blue recitations in Ciro's, and Anton Dolin and Phyllis Bedells have done classical dancing on the cabaret floor.

ODETTE MYRTIL was the greatest star the Midnight Follies ever had, this although it was at the Metropole that Sophie Tucker, standing up one night, made her try-out appearance. She made Royalty sing!

At the Metropole once they had a "Floradora" Sextette. Dorothy Field, one of the six, is now Mrs. Archie Campbell. Sylvia Hawkes is now Lady Ashley. The other four were Zoe Palmer, Enid Stamp-Taylor, Marjorie Spiers, and Phyllis Garton. They are said to have been the most beautiful sextette London has ever seen.

About these days cabaret girls began to "get into Society." Dukes made a fuss of them, earls, and all sorts of titled folk.

THE one discovery of London cabaret is Rex Evans, who sings songs of which many people disapprove. I have not heard them. I merely know I once had to stop a song he was singing about me. Like the Melville Gideon of old, Evans draws a shilling a plate, which brings him in something between £100 and £150 a week; so much so that, an amateur when he first started, after having lost his private fortune, he now refuses to appear at any private party unless he is paid fifty guineas. Yet, in André Charlot's show, at the last revue at the Vaudeville, he was nothing, except that there was plenty of him. His size is part of his value.

I SELDOM go to cabaret myself. In fact, midnight shows so bore me that, years ago, I said that a cabaret was so called because when you came outside and saw a cab you shouted, "Hurray!"

Still, you must go. It will wake you up!

H. S.

BY A. R. CANE

VERY NERVOUS CURATE (after the schoolroom has been cleaned): "*As the—er—schoolroom is still somewhat clamp and dammy, the meetings will be hauled in the hell beneath*"

THE MECCA OF THE YACHTSMAN

Alfieri

Colonel and Mrs. O'Connor in the stern of a pinnace.

Alfieri

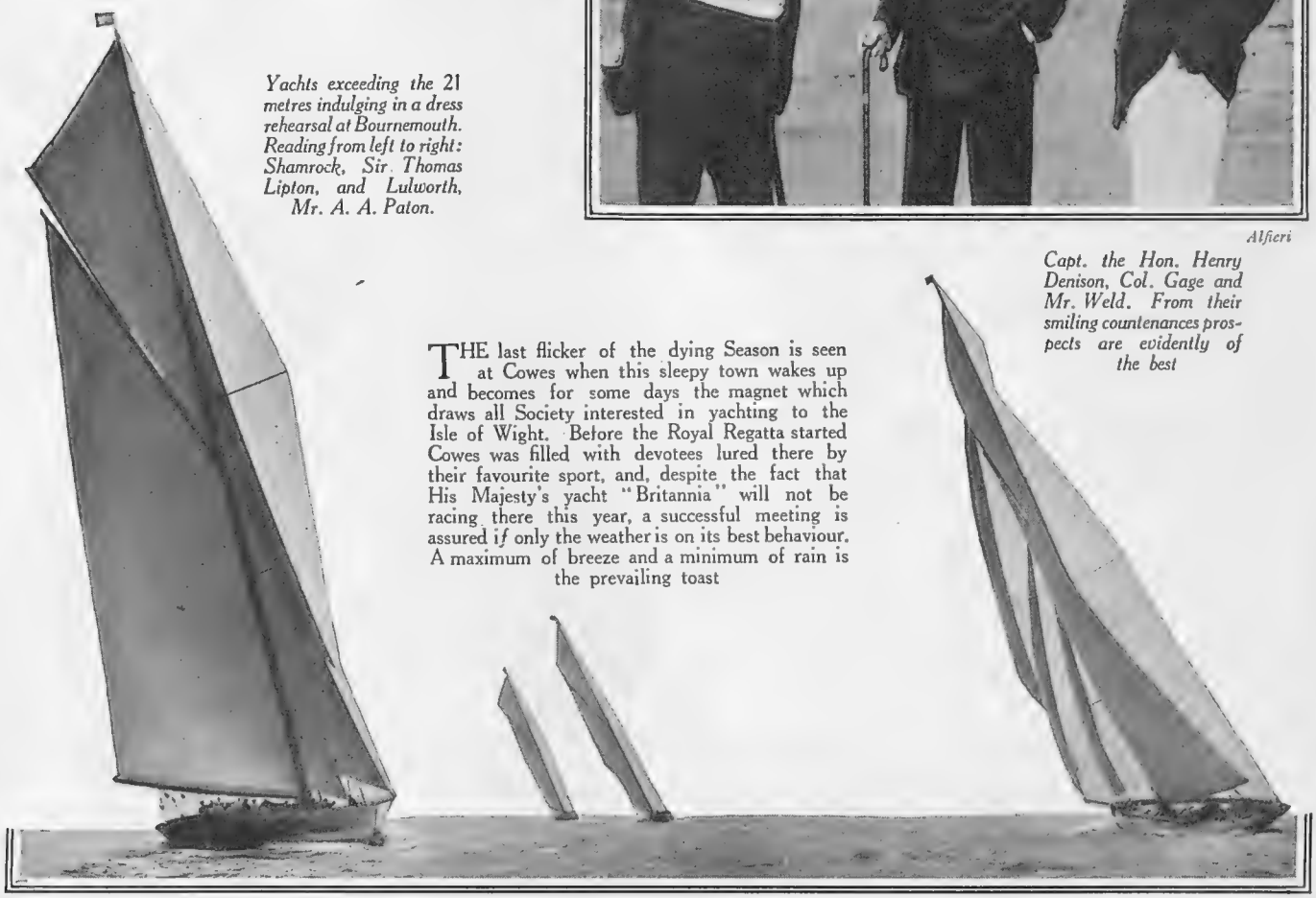
Mr. Bulkeley Johnstone, Mrs. Bulkeley Johnstone, a friend, Lady Baring and (at the back) Sir Harry Mainwaring seek solace ashore on the tennis courts

Alfieri

Capt. the Hon. Henry Denison, Col. Gage and Mr. Weld. From their smiling countenances prospects are evidently of the best

Yachts exceeding the 21 metres indulging in a dress rehearsal at Bournemouth. Reading from left to right: Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Lulworth, Mr. A. A. Paton.

THE last flicker of the dying Season is seen at Cowes when this sleepy town wakes up and becomes for some days the magnet which draws all Society interested in yachting to the Isle of Wight. Before the Royal Regatta started Cowes was filled with devotees lured there by their favourite sport, and, despite the fact that His Majesty's yacht "Britannia" will not be racing there this year, a successful meeting is assured if only the weather is on its best behaviour. A maximum of breeze and a minimum of rain is the prevailing toast



Sport and General

SOME NOTABILITIES AT COWES

Alfieri

Some early arrivals. Vice-Admiral Loring and the Earl of Normanton

Alfieri

The Vice-Commodore, the Marquis of Camden, with his daughter, the Lady Irene Cubitt, take the air previous to taking to the water

White Heather, Lord Waring, Lulworth, Mr. A. A. Paton, Westward, Mr. T. B. F. Davis, and Candida, Mr. H. A. Andreæ, racing at Falmouth

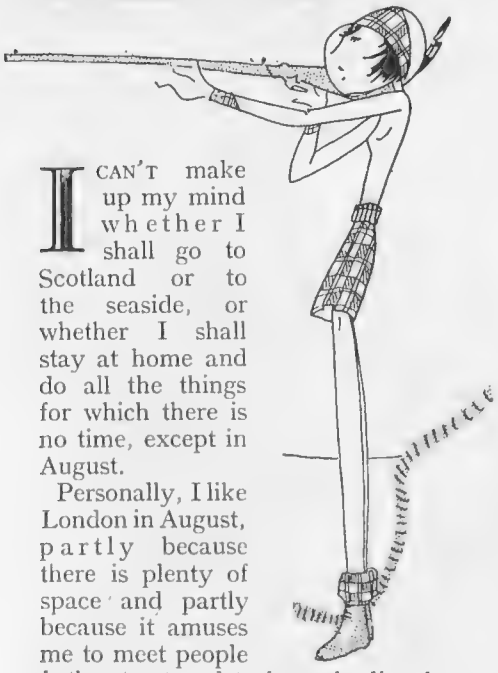
Sport and General

Raphael

Mme. d'ALVAREZ

The famous contralto, who makes her songs live through her personality. She recently returned from Paris to give a recital at the Queen's Hall, and will be giving a series of special concerts in America in the near future

COMMENTS OF CHLOE



RED CROSS and CALEDONIA

I CAN'T make up my mind whether I shall go to Scotland or to the seaside, or whether I shall stay at home and do all the things for which there is no time, except in August.

Personally, I like London in August, partly because there is plenty of space and partly because it amuses me to meet people in the street and to hear the lies they tell to account for their being in London. You would think that there was something decadent or disgusting about London in August. I suppose everybody can't go to Scotland, but if you can't, you can enjoy yourself at Hayling Island or Penzance or Broadstairs, or take a trip to Boulogne.

BESIDES, it is great fun being the most important person in a restaurant, which only happens to me in August. During the rest of the year I can go to Haridge's, or the Bulkely, or any of these *chic* places, and "Charles," or who ever the presiding genius may be, casts a cod-like glance in my direction, and I am given a seat near the band, so that the waiter and I have to converse in signs to make ourselves heard, but in August, although "Charles" himself is probably absent, his understudy ties himself into knots and, undulating like a snake, conducts me to a lovely table, and I actually get the food I order in about ten minutes. All this is very gratifying to me, who am naturally a snob.

THE nicest *maître d'hôtel* I ever knew was Olivier at the Ritz in Paris. During the War I used to make occasional escapes from the uncomfortable place in which the French Red Cross had dumped me, and take a few days' leave in Paris.

The Ritz was always absolutely crammed, and it was frightfully difficult to get a table. As I was (as usual) extremely hard up, my menu consisted of the cheapest items I could find. So if Olivier had chosen to neglect me for richer clients you could hardly have blamed him—but he never did.

I said to him humbly one day, "Could you find me a table?" and he drew me aside and whispered, "Never ask that, but say, 'Olivier, I hope you have reserved my special table for me,' and then the other people who are waiting can wait—and wait, for all I care."

OF course, I ought to be writing about Scotland and the Twelfth, but I do not see why I should bother about the Editor, who is always begging me to be topical, and why I shouldn't write about things that amuse me. It is the greatest mistake to trammel genius, and anyhow, these reminiscences are topical in a way, as the War broke out in August.

In those days you could get almost anything you wanted (and sometimes a little over) if you were dressed in French Red Cross uniform. My word! it *was* becoming with its dark blue veil and dress and the white shoes and stockings.

Later on, you were apt to be regarded with suspicion, because several spies used the uniform, and you were issued with *Carnets Rouges*, which were awful little red books containing details about your movements and your morals and your appearance. I once got stranded in Amiens without the proper *permis de passage*, and the officer wouldn't let me out of the station, in spite of the perfection of my shoes and stockings and the glint of my red-gold hair.

So, realising the difference between

By Kippa

"I had five accidents last month and I'm most frightfully nervous"
"But why, my dear? You still have four lives left"

Sport and General

LORD CARNEGIE AND LADY BEATRICE STEWART

Topical Press

THE DUKE OF MONTROSE

Above are seen some of the many well-known Scottish personalities who were present at the Highland Show at Alloa

Topical Press

LORD LOVAT AND A FRIEND

the two nations, I burst into tears, which would have merely annoyed an Englishman, but which completely melted the Frenchman, and I spent the day in Amiens very pleasantly, although now, I really can't remember his name.

I enjoyed working with the French Red Cross until they sent me up to a place just behind an ammunition dump, and after that I went home, because I do not pretend to be brave, and the sound of the German shells going "squee-e-e crump" upset me, so I hastily went back to Paris where I thought I should be safe.

SOME of the Americans who take places in Scotland would be quite thankful if the birds were drowned, like so many were last year, because they would not be expected to start so early in the morning to shoot them. They get all hot and bothered seeing the keepers and dogs waiting ostentatiously at the front door, while they are trying to forget the champagne of the night before. They make frantic efforts to wear the right clothes, and they often succeed quite well till they reach stockings and shoes, and then they "revert" badly, because they can never quite understand how "right" it is to look all woolly and lumpy about the ankles, and I don't suppose they ever will. It is a custom which you can never learn.

SCOTTISH ghosts are becoming rather tame. I suppose that electric light and American accents have driven them into the recesses of the glens, and that they only emerge during the winter. Of course the Glamis mystery has never been solved, and never will be, but some years ago, whatever "it" was, ceased to be troublesome. English people laugh about it, but it is true enough that when "Pat" Glamis was told the secret he looked as though he had heard something pretty horrible. Only the Lord Strathmore of the day, the factor, and Lord Glamis when he becomes twenty-one, know what it really is. Anyhow, Glamis has got ghosts, enough to satisfy anybody, and the Lyons simply don't bother about them. They meet them on the stairs, and see them coming into rooms, just as if they were the housemaid or the footman.

The Airlies, who live ten miles off, are rather exclusive, as they have only one ghost, a drummer who drums when the head of the clan is going to die. Such fun to hear a drum and to know that within the next few months you are going to join your ancestors!

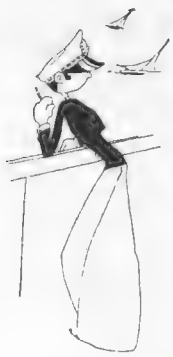
I MUST say that the original drummer had a good deal to complain of, for he came under a flag of truce to Cortachy Castle, and when Lord Airlie questioned him as to how many men his chieftain had he not unnaturally refused to answer. So Lord Airlie told him that he should throw him over the battlements in his own drum. So the drummer boy turned nasty and said he should haunt the Airlie family —and he does.

The present Lord Airlie looks as though he had walked out of the Middle Ages, and his younger brother Bruce, who was an Equerry of the Prince of Wales's, is now working in an insurance office in Perth. This feat is one of the seven wonders of the world, and Bruce's friends are freely making bets as to how long it will last. But I have a "hunch" that Bruce is going to stick to the family motto, which is "Afin," and that he will cause his friends to lose a number of bets.

BY HASSALL

WEATHER FORECAST

"Local showers, followed by storm"



if gossip

SOME of the stunts arranged by the Bright Young People and the not so bright young people have been singularly unfunny, but that charge cannot be laid at the Buckingham Street door of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Brian Guinness, who recently staged an exhibition of "ultra-modern" paintings by Mr. "Bruno Hat." Although the paintings suggested that the artist was as mad as a (Bruno) hatter, many of the guests felt it incumbent upon them to fall into ecstasies over his work on the assumption, apparently, that anything you can't understand *must* be clever. Mr. Lytton Strachey purchased one of the pictures, but whether he did so because he really admired it as a work of art or because he was in search of material for a new book on Eminent Neo-Georgians I don't profess to know. Anyway, the many *poseurs* who gushed like oil wells over the "masterpieces" of Bruno must now realise that, in the words of the advertisement, "Guinness is good for you!"

HARRY AINLEY is standing the strain of work remarkably well, and his many friends who turned out to welcome him on his return to the stage on the first night of *The First Mrs. Fraser*, at the Haymarket, have the satisfaction of knowing that it will be a long time before we see the last of Mr. Ainley. I saw a good deal of Ainley out in Italy during the last year of the War, for he was in command of an "Archie" behind the front line on the Asiago Plateau for some time. The story goes that when the Austrian 'planes—closely pursued by our own—made one of their rare daylight invasions over our front, Harry emerged from his hut announcing in fine rounded phrases that he alone would fire the gun. There were many rumours as to the result of his anti-aircraft work, but whether he scored a hit or not on this occasion, there can be very little doubt that he scored an enormous hit soon afterwards, when I heard and saw him reduce a large audience of officers and men to tears with "Breedon Bells" and thrill them with Henry V's speech before Agincourt in a divisional concert theatre behind the lines some weeks later.

BIG prices are being paid as rental for Scottish moors, and, whilst I am all for Scottish lairds taking it out of multi-millionaires, it must be confessed that some shoots are not all they are made out to be. An hotel, on the west coast, at which I was stopping, had as a guest one who had rented a shoot in the neighbourhood. One day I walked all over it, blissfully unconscious that the hills were shot over, especially as in three hours I saw no single sign of game life. On my return I was greeted by the tenant, from whom I learnt of my trespass. I apologised profusely, but he assured me that there was no necessity for that and added, "You didn't, by any chance, come across a hare, did you?" "A hare?" I echoed. "No, I can't say that I did." "I was told there was one *somewhere*," the tenant explained ruefully, "and I hoped the story was true!"

I SUPPOSE nowadays in Scotland the railways are run with all due regard to punctuality, but this was not always the case. I have a vivid recollection of one hotel proprietor, who was also the stationmaster, keeping a train waiting in the station for a quarter of an hour while our party finished tea in comfort! I think he felt he owed us some compensation for sending us for a drive with a driver who had soaked himself in "mountain

Lord and Lady Carson arriving at St. Margaret's, the Hon. Aileen Craig, and Lieut.-Commander R. G. H who was a page at the

Frank Davis

Miss Lillian Oldland, the charming heroine of that grim and sadistic success, "Rope," at the Ambassadors Theatre She escapes from bodies in boxes during the daytime to do a lot of film work

Photopress

Westminster, for the wedding of Lord Craigavon's daughter, Linzee. R.N. Their litle son, the Hon. Edward Carson, wedding, is seen with them

dew" and had to be sobered up before he could take the return journey! I shall now leave Scotland, as I believe the Editor, who has been motoring there, will shortly be weighing-in with some articles on the land of cakes, and has become so Scottish that he now eats his breakfast porridge standing up!

NOEL COWARD is very quick at retort, as a well-known film actress learnt to her cost some time ago. Meeting the dramatist, she went out of her way to be rude. "I saw your play last night," she remarked languidly, "and didn't laugh once." Quick as lightning came the retort, "How tastes differ! I saw you on the films a week ago and haven't stopped laughing yet!" Whatever her talent, that cinema star was *not* a comedienne!

we must

THE well-known American dramatic critic, George Jean Nathan, has been paying a visit to Europe, but he did not stop long in London, and while here did not do any criticising—at least in print—which must have greatly relieved dramatists and, still more, actors and actresses, for G. J. N. is not only a very clever critic, but wields a horribly mordant pen. How he can say the things he does and "get away with it" passes comprehension. As compared with him even the most vitriolic of English critics are as moonlight unto sunlight, for he scorches. Nathan shares the editorial chair of the *American Mercury* with H. L. Mencken, and no two Americans love more to show up the failings of their American countrymen than they.

Geraldine Phillips Oppenheim, one of the BYSTANDER'S *popular contributors, whose wedding to Mr. Noel Downes took place recently at Antibes. Mr. Downes is a very well-known figure on the Riviera, and is invariably accompanied by his famous little dog, Nora*

LONDON may, on occasions, be a bigger gold mine for theatrical enterprises than any place in the provinces, but this mine can also be worked at a far greater loss than one in the country. At a recent production at a famous theatre in an equally famous thoroughfare the gross amount taken for one performance amounted to three pounds! I doubt whether many places in the provinces could beat this record, but I believe the optimistic gentleman who secured and played in this particular production will, in the near future, be bold enough even to try it again.

YOU can't walk a couple of yards in Cowes during its Week without bumping into somebody who is Somebody, although not necessarily in the world of yachting. One of the most interesting characters who was on the Island for the racing was Captain Gerald Lowry, the blind osteopath. Lowry was the first officer to be blinded in the War, being shot through the head in August, 1914, but, far from being a "passenger" in life, he is one of the most energetic and cheerful fellows one

BY HYNES

"When I look in a girl's eyes I know what she thinks of me"
"How very unpleasant for you"

Topical

Sir T. Hall Caine, the leading literary light of the Isle of Man, where he rules over Greeba Castle, has been made a Freeman of that popular holiday resort, Douglas. He is seen with Miss E. Hall Caine (left), Lady Hall Caine, and a friend, with this latest honour fresh upon him

Central Press

Mr. Robert Hichens, the famous novelist, seen in the grounds of his Swiss home, to which he has just returned. He lives at Clarens-sur-Montreux

By Hilary

"So I said 'He may look like the Greek of old,' I said, 'but he certainly has Roman hands,' I said"

could hope to meet. In the intervals of work he swims, rides, beagles, sails his yacht, boxes—he has taken the ring at one of Harry Preston's charity shows at Brighton—and has now taken up singing. In addition he plays a remarkably good rubber of bridge, being able to memorise dummy's hand perfectly after it has been read over to him once only.

S

THE pundits of the Metropolitan Water Board have been shaking admonitory fingers at us and ordering us to be very, *very* careful not to waste any water during the drought. Being apparently blissfully unaware that our rainfall is not regulated entirely to suit their own convenience, they have found themselves in a hole—and a dry one at that—now that Jupiter Pluvius has let them down, and have hastened to pass the responsibility on to the long-suffering public. Still, even if we can't respect their forethought we *can* respect their nerve. It must need a bit of cheek calmly to send out demands for water rates when you can't deliver the goods as per schedule!

S

HAMILTON FYFE has been beating a drum in the *Daily Express* on the question of the unimportance of literary criticism, and during the course of a few not too kind words directed at the head of St. John Ervine remarks that to discuss George Moore without mention of *Esther Waters* is equivalent to appraising Swinburne without reading *Atalanta*. I don't know how many people today read the poems of Algernon Charles, but, even if his sales are not large, the stories concerning the poet are many. One which always pleases

SWINBURNE AND THE BOOTS

By F. Buchanan

The Office Boy: "Aye, sir, the boss always gangs tae his lunch airly. Ye see, he's nae sae hoongry then as he wad be later on!"

me tells how the poet, returning to "The Pines," his home on Putney Hill which he shared with the Watts-Duntons, considerably the worse for wear, was marched up to his bedroom by Theodore, who, having removed his boots, laid him on his bed and locked him in. It so happened that guests were dining at "The Pines" that night, and in the middle of dinner the small-talk was rudely interrupted by the voice of the poet raised in wrath in the darkened room above. "Oh, God—*if* there be a God," he cried, "where are my —— boots!"

ANGMERING-ON-SEA bids fair to put Frinton in the social shade this year, for any number of those brave men and fair (or sunburned) women whose photographs are never out of the Society columns for long have migrated there. Among the many people who have taken houses there for the summer is the Hon. Piers Legh, whilst Gladys Cooper and her husband, Sir Neville Pearson, seldom miss a week-end at this little Sussex town which, unlike many of our sea-side resorts, is pleasantly free from dreary rows of gaunt apartment houses looking, with their stern stone fronts and melancholy aspidistras drooping behind dingy lace curtains, rather like a cartoonist's conception of D.O.R.A.

Parliamentary Language

In the House recently, Mr. Jack Jones protested that Lady Astor was saying he was drunk, and when that lady denied it, called her a "dirty liar."

TO-DAY we let the young, of course,
Read murder trials and divorce
And what occurs long after dark
To those who wander in Hyde Park;
But no nice children ever ought
To read a verbatim report
Of what is said by those who're sent
To serve the State in Parliament,
Since parents should be very chary
To harm their kids' vocabulary.

Jack Jones, M.P. for Silvertown,
Has won a measure of renown,
Since he is not the least afraid
To designate a spade a spade,
And even sometimes, it is true,
A "something, something shovel" too,
But when annoyed by Lady A.
(A Pussyfoot from Plymouth way)
An Astor-isk can best denote
His answer when she gets his goat.

"You dirty liar," is a phrase
No modest Violet courts these days
For fear the words trip from the tongue
Of those who still are very young.
So, Lady Astor, please do not
Get Jack Jones furious and hot;
And Jack, I beg that you will try
To curb your righteous wrath with Vi.—
Then Parliament won't be a show
Where "Adults Only" dare to go.

B. W

Sasha

The second Mrs. Fraser (Ursula Jeans) is confronted with the photograph of her dancing-pro. lover by the first Mrs. Fraser (Marie Tempest). One of the scenes in St. John Ervine's entertaining comedy which is filling the Haymarket

PORTRAIT OF THREE GIGOLOS

A Study by DIANA BOURBON

HE is sitting at the little table for two behind the palms—over there, near the band. Slim, sallow, good looking, . . . unwholesome. Patent leather hair, trimmed to just a beginning of an indication of a pair of sideburns . . . in the Spanish style. Flawless teeth—always just a little too much in evidence? Eyes—a little too small; a little too near together. Long, tapering, nervous fingers . . . potentially the best feature about him—just a little too manicured. Glossy, they are. Like his hair, and his linen, and the suit that apparently was poured over him before it set—while still in the liquid form, you know—and his socks, and his incredibly patent, patent leather shoes. Sad, a little?—the eyes that are too small? Perhaps. Unfathomable, certainly. You come up against a blank wall in them. They are like slugs. Great, shining black slugs; half dead—not alive, like ordinary eyes, at all.

TERRIBLY *chic*, of course. And foreign-looking. Obviously South American, think his customers. South Americans would know him for an Englishman, but he doesn't meet many of *them*. . . . The massive, terrifically old, blonde with the post-impressionist face and—yes—there *are* fingers under all those diamonds, who is with him, has never stopped talking since they came in . . . Except, of course, for ecstatic moments when, with incredible deference, he propels her through the undeferential intricacies of the modern dance—cat-like, sinuous, slim, against her satin, pearly bulk. As she talks, he listens—with what an incomparably attentive grace. And while he listens, he waits upon her. The salt—some special salad dressing—more wine—her wrap on or off . . . *Hanging* upon her words; her smiles (so many of them); the ravishing glances of those kohled, mascaraed slits where her eyes ought to have been.

HOW many more evenings, he is wondering as he "listens," will those glossy, and so old, patent leather shoes stand up to the constant demands made on them? Another shirt has had to be thrown away this morning . . . how fast cuffs fray. And soon there will have to be an entire new outfit.

Suddenly to attention: "My dear, how do you think of these things?" There is a long look of his black slug's eyes, and for just a fraction of a second a caress of the white, fat hand opposite him—till she goes on again. . . . An entire new outfit. . . . Will Reine? Calculatingly he looks at her from under lowered lids. Reine is so very odd, so extraordinarily stingy about some things. True, she has given him the platinum and gold cigarette case—but what use is that when you can't pawn or sell it because it has to be produced every night? Reine is really mean about cash. . . .

Imperceptibly his lower jaw hardens. . . . With a fluttering of the eyelashes, he smiles at her, raises his glass—plants just the indication of a kiss on its rim as she watches him, and leans a little nearer. How he despises her—secretly.

Is this really any better than free-lancing at a French watering place? he is wondering. . . . At ten francs, twenty francs, sometimes thirty francs a dance! Yes—and sometimes *not* ten francs; sometimes, with English and Americans who don't know the ropes, nothing at all . . . and you could never scrounge in on the clients of another gig—of another dancer. And your patent leather shoes had to stand up to a good deal more, then. . . .

* * *

What was that you asked me, Infant? The old lady with the dark young man? . . . No, my dear. *Not* mother and son. . . .

* * *

Movement at the door. . . . Fresh arrivals, eh? Two young men of the "Smart Set." Real Society! Public school; University—each of them has cost quite a few thousand pounds to date. Worth it?

Patent leather hair—blonde this time. Loose mouths. Indeterminate features that haven't decided what they're going to grow into, yet. . . .

(No, neither of them is as young as he looks in spite of that.)

Rather on the slight side, both of them . . . undersized. Slim, sallow, good looking, unwholesome. . . .

Glossy, too. Their "tails" apparently moulded to them; and incredibly patent, patent leather shoes.

"Bun, will you look at Reine over there?; making a fool of herself with a damned gigolo. . . . Make you sick; if it wasn't so funny." It is. They both laugh.

"Sellugini! We're joining Lady Antony Thing's party. Table reserved? Where is it?"

A bowing *maître d'hotel* escorts them across the floor.

"What about it, Bun? Make a start? No. No use waiting for the old girl. . . . Something to quench this thirst."

WHEN their hostess comes they will dance once, perhaps, with one of the girls they have been asked to meet. And ignore the others.

They dined to-night at a famous house, with a well-known company, and left to come here when their hostess was preparing to go on to the private dance for which she was counting on their escort.

They have dined out *every* night for the past week—fortnight—month—several months. . . . But they have never written a letter of thanks, or left a card, or planned to offer a return of hospitality.

Their mantel-shelves are crowded with invitations, most of which they don't answer; and the night before last one of them gate-crashed a party to which he had not been invited, because he thought it might be amusing.

THEY owe their tailors and haberdashers quite a lot of money—for which paying, and less exalted, clients will later foot the bill without knowing it. And they are now busy planning to spend the week-end at the country palace of an elderly siren who can be relied on to let them do precisely what they want—and fix them up almost a dozen other week-ends before the end of the year. . . .

There comes the rest of their party—and they haven't *really* got very far with the champagne. Their manners aren't *really* very bad. . . .

Only—the professional is pushing his massive, aged blonde round the floor again. . . . There are times, aren't there, when the amateur scores?

BY HELEN McKIE

THE GIGOLO'S JOY

THE BOOKIE WHO GATE-CRASHED

BY WILL OWEN

AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON

3C.14

Particular in her tastes, she always smokes CRAVEN 'A,' *cork-tipped, cool, unvarying cigarettes that do not affect her throat.*

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE GOOD SOLUTION

By SYLVIA LYND

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Oh, sir! Please don't send me to prison!"

ISOBEL PENOYER is a very beautiful and gifted young woman. Her dry-point portraits of children have made her an international reputation. That is to say, she is much better known in Paris and in Boston than in her native city of London. Here the facts of her youth and of her beauty have attracted more attention than her skill as an etcher. Isobel is also cheerful, capable and perfectly good; and it is her capableness and perfect goodness that have landed her, as the saying is, on the particularly stony ground of her present situation.

It was Isobel's capableness to begin with that led her to buy a house. Half England was trying to buy a house at that time. Isobel just walked round to an estate agent and got one. She had been drawing portraits of officers, and of officers' wives and sweethearts and children and mothers for four years, and her bank balance was quite large. She paid a lot of money for her house. Like all the houses that were bought at that time it was a tall stucco-fronted house that wanted repainting; it had a sinking porch and a pitch-dark basement; all the sashcords broken; nineteen loose banisters; an inefficient hot water system and chimneys that smoked. Isobel repainted the stucco, underpinned the porch, renewed the sashcords, pegged the banisters, installed a geyser and put cowls on the chimneys. As for the pitch-dark basement, she put a respectable man and wife into it to do her cleaning and cooking. (There is nothing else that can be done with basements except to leave them empty and lock the door on them.) And having made the whole of one floor into a handsome studio, she had nothing to do but labour and rejoice. She had also, however, the accounts to pay.

AT this point in the story Isobel's capability becomes tinged with her perfect goodness. She decided to let some portions of her house to friends rather than to strangers. This was unwise, for, as everyone knows, by the latter method it is sometimes possible to turn strangers into friends, while by the former it is almost certain that friends will be turned into strangers. Isobel risked it, however, and her courage brought deserved success. She installed Henry Erskine-Jones on the ground floor, and Ruth Summers on the third, and that all of them might be housed in fitting comfort and splendour, with mended clothes and well-laid tables, and silver dishes promptly handed, she installed a fair young girl, called Daisy, in the attic. Daisy was the useful maid. These three and Isobel are the personages of the story. The respectable man and wife in the basement do not concern us.

In inviting Ruth and Henry to share her house with her, Isobel had kept more in view than the paying of rates and decorators. Ruth was twenty-seven years old and unmarried. Henry was thirty-two and a bachelor. Ruth was small, pale, dark-haired, rich and pretty. Henry was a tall, fair, handsome barrister without many briefs. Both were amiable, well-read, and travelled. To bring them together seemed to Isobel a consummation pleasing both to

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gods and men. It was unselfish of Isobel; Henry was almost her last bachelor. If he married she would lose him as a tenant, and Isobel liked to have a man about the house. He could take her to parties and look out her trains in Bradshaw, and when she had a cold she could borrow his pocket handkerchiefs. For all of which reasons it was doubly unselfish of Isobel to set out on the career of a match-maker. Out, however, she set.

For some months life in the divided house passed smoothly and delightfully. The three friends dined together sometimes and singly sometimes. Isobel gave parties and Ruth and Henry gave parties, and the three sat round the fire when the guests had gone, talking into the small hours. Sometimes Henry took Isobel to the theatre and sometimes he took Ruth. They all three exchanged presents: a bottle of liqueur or a box of chocolates, or a new book or an old print, or a concert ticket or a fishing-rod. But Henry's courtship did not seem to make much progress. They all three sat round Isobel's fire, roasting chestnuts or sipping coffee for hours, discoursing of men and of women and of the nature of love, and dividing the human race into its great divisions: those who like cats and those who like dogs; those who like hot baths and those who like cold; and who like salt with porridge and who sugar. But Henry did not propose to Ruth. Life was really too comfortable to change.

THUS they lived in luxury and peace. Every morning the respectable man cleaned the brasses of the front door, the hall, the steps and the boots of Henry, Ruth and Isobel. At all hours of the day the respectable woman cooked eggs and soles and chickens and cutlets for Isobel, Ruth and Henry. And ever-neat-fingered Daisy of the attic kept up fires and dusted mantelpieces and polished silver, and darned stockings and put hot-water bottles into the beds of Ruth, Henry and Isobel. This is not a world, however, in which everything can go right for ever.

Did I say that Daisy was neat fingered? There were other qualities besides neatness in Daisy's fingers. And Daisy had soft fair hair and bright blue eyes and cheeks like wild roses. One day when Isobel was going to a party she could not find an old paste brooch. High, low, as nearly everywhere as anyone can look who is bound for a dinner at eight o'clock when the hour is already eight five—Isobel looked for her missing jewel. She did not find it. Returning at midnight she looked again. She looked very thoroughly. She did not find the brooch; but she found that an enamelled clock that had been put aside to be mended was missing also, and she could not find a pair of diamond earrings that had belonged to her mother's cousin, Louisa. Isobel was perturbed. Next morning at nine o'clock she was tapping on Ruth Summers' door, and half a minute later she was sitting on Ruth Summers' bed asking for advice and sympathy.

"Are you sure they've gone in the house, Isobel?" asked Ruth. "Isn't it just possible you lost them out of doors somewhere?"

Isobel was positive that she had not lost them out of doors. Ruth did not want disagreeable scenes with the servants. She found life as it was very pleasant. Ruth argued.

"But Isobel, dearest, you are always losing things."

True. Isobel was always losing things. The brooch, perhaps, but not the clock or the ugly earrings that she had never worn.

She found Ruth unsympathetic.

Half an hour later she had sent Daisy to ask Mr. Erskine-Jones to "come up for a minute before he goes out."

Henry came. Isobel found Henry unprofitable in counsel.

"I DON'T see that you can take any steps till you are perfectly sure. We can't go turning out the servants' boxes and that sort of thing."

"But what are we to do?" demanded Isobel.

"Do you want to do anything?" asked Henry. "You could mark coins and set traps and that sort of thing if you liked, of course." He did not say "we," he said "you." His manner was detached. He gazed into a distant space in which he saw, as in a vision, the excellent grilled kidneys supplied by the respectable woman in the basement, the excellently polished boots as sent up by her respectable husband, and all the comfort and cleanliness arranged by the neat fingers of graceful, blue-eyed Daisy.

"It seems a pity when you aren't quite sure," he said. "I don't think you've really much to go upon, Isobel."

So saying, he departed for the Temple, *via* the Underground.

Isobel was unsupported. "Well, *hang* it," she said fuming by her dressing table, "it's *my* things that have been taken."

Her contentment waned. The house appeared to her a bother. *She* had all the responsibility, others all the fun. Henry and Ruth could get engaged or not just as they pleased. Isobel washed her hands of them and went to Italy for the winter. Ruth brought her a delightful tea basket to travel with. Henry escorted her to the train. Both vowed that they would miss her horribly; but Isobel's wrath was not assuaged. She had found when she began to pack that a silver clothes brush was missing, that an un-

touched dozen of new pocket handkerchiefs numbered only five, and that her white evening gown had a large pink stain upon one of its panels, caused, presumably, by a strawberry ice, eater unknown.

Isobel locked her doors and washed her hands of her house and its inhabitants. It was duller for some weeks without her. Then things began to happen. Ruth missed her opal pendant. Henry his pearl stud. Ruth her diamond bracelet. Henry his grandfather's watch. Ruth a pair of silk stockings. Henry his summer overcoat. White and trembling they conferred in Henry's sitting-room.

"But what are we to do?" they cried. If they had known how to wring their hands they would have wrung

them. They made every demonstration of despair that well-bred English people can make. Henry rumpled up his hair from the back and smoothed it down again so that it looked like the hair of a tufted duck. Ruth sat silent and gazed at Henry.

"I suppose we'll have to ask the servants if they've seen them," he said at last in misery.

"I don't think we need ask them about it downstairs," said Ruth. "I think it's Daisy."

"We'd better speak to her separately, I think," said Henry. They decided—that is to say, Henry decided—that Ruth should hold the first conversation. Women and children first, the rule cannot with decency be infringed. Ruth held the first conversation.

DAISY knew nothing Nothing'm. Nothing, madam. Had never seen the things, madam. Wouldn't touch anyone else's things, madam. Should give notice and leave at once, Miss Summers. Miss Penoyer, who *was* a lady, didn't dare to insinuate things like that. *Suspecting* people.

Henry, steeped in misery at having to involve himself in so degrading and painful an affair, was pale and nervous. His bell rang peremptorily. He told Daisy it was useless to lie, and that unless she confessed immediately to the thefts the police would be sent for. Meantime she would stay where she was. Had she taken the things or not? If she had taken them what had she done with them?

Terrible is the power of the male in domestic affairs! Daisy's pink cheeks turned white. Her blue eyes filled with tears. She fell at Henry's feet and clasped his hand. "Oh, sir," she cried, "don't send me to prison." Henry felt her tears upon his hand.

"They all three sat round Isobel's fire"

Henry had no intention of sending any pretty girl to prison. He begged her not to cry. He begged her to rise from her knees. And as she still wept inconsolably he stroked her soft hair and patted her warm shoulder. He was dreadfully afraid that he was going to cry himself. He assured Daisy that no one wanted to be unkind to her. He begged his poor girl not to grieve so, and assured her that a little persistent stealing did not matter. Ruth, who had been straining her ears over the banisters, heard the faint rumour of their frenzy. She arrived, by good luck, at this very moment. Emotion is infectious. Swept away by the scene of anguish that confronted her, she got out her handkerchief and wept as copiously as Daisy. With her other hand she patted Daisy's other shoulder, that is, the one

Henry was not patting. She added her assurances to his that nothing dreadful would or should—now, or at any time—befall their dear Daisy. "Only tell us," Ruth added, for her nerve was steadier than Henry's, having been wracked so much less long, "only tell us where you have put my pendant."

"My watch," besought Henry.

"My stockings," murmured Ruth.

"My summer overcoat," said Henry tenderly.

Daisy rose from her knees and covered her face with her apron. "If you'll come upstairs with me, miss," she said in a smothered voice, "I'll give you the pawn tickets." Weeping together, the two young women went upstairs, where Daisy dried her tears upon Miss Summers' agitated bosom. There were about twenty pawn tickets.

THERE was a young man, it seemed, who plied the vacuum cleaner at a cinema. It was for his sake that Daisy had erred. He liked his young lady smart.

Together Ruth and Henry set out that afternoon to call at every pawnbroker's between Hammersmith and Holborn. Some of the spoil they were able to reclaim. Some of it had gone. Isobel's brooch, and clock, and earrings were not recovered.

A pink-eyed and penitent Daisy received them on their return. The affair had drawn all three of them very close together. Ruth and Henry had faced in company a crisis in their lives, and Daisy had faced a crisis, too. She quivered with suspended sobs as she handed the vegetables. Dinner was dismal in the extreme. "We can't go on like this," thought Ruth and Henry.

"We must do something about that poor child," said Henry. "She'll make herself ill if she goes on like this."

"We must do something," said Ruth.

"I can't help feeling responsible for her," said Henry, "as she got into this wretched scrape while she was with us. We should not have left so many temptations in her way."

"Yes," said Ruth. And she did not add, as she might have added, "But she need not have opened my jewel case, Henry."

"We ought not to have left things lying about," said Henry.

"No," said Ruth.

"We can't leave things as they are," said Henry, "she's such a child. We must try to give her a better start in life."

"We will, we will," said Ruth.

Henry gazed at the fire. In his imagination he could still feel the moist cheek and the soft hair against his hand. His chest expanded with hitherto unfelt emotions.

"How you understand, Ruth," he cried fervently.

Among those who succeed in life is a power of ready invention. Without perceiving the cause Ruth was aware that happiness, or unhappiness, hung upon her handling of the situation. She said:

"Don't you think she ought to go for a holiday? She is looking horribly run down. I expect she's been worrying a lot all this time. My old nurse lets rooms at Folkestone. Shall we send her there? Just for a week or two. And we could decide what to do with her while she is away."

So it was arranged. Henry and Ruth escorted her to Charing Cross; and watched the departure of the soft hair and the blue eyes and the wild rose cheeks under a hat that closely resembled one of Isobel's from Maddox Street.

EVERY day Henry and Ruth discussed "the poor child's future. And every day Ruth gained in Henry's estimation. She understood. She understood all the noble and protective instincts that flooded Henry's soul. She admired Henry prodigiously, and oh, how gently, how unassumingly, how unembarrassingly she conveyed to him her admiration. They came to no definite decision about Daisy. Only both felt (they were in agreement about everything) that it would be "better for the child" to make a fresh start elsewhere than in that particular house.

"She would always be reminded . . ." said Ruth.

Henry had been vaguely looking forward to exercising a little personal supervision; but he saw Ruth's point at once.

"How you understand, Ruth," he said.

The understanding of Ruth seemed to Henry the thing that he had wanted all his life. Never did he feel so strong, so clever and so noble as in her company. It was a new self, and, he liked to think, his true self, that she revealed to him. Isobel had been written to, and Isobel was coming home, "before," as she rather brutally stated, "the rest of my personal effects are dispersed among the pawnbrokers of London." Ruth showed Henry the letter a trifle sadly. "Isobel is an angel," she said, "such an angel. She's sure to understand when she comes back."

"There's a certain hardness . . ." said Henry.

"But she is so *very* brilliant," said Ruth.

"Yes, she is brilliant," said Henry, and added thoughtfully, "but I sometimes think that very brilliant people don't go very deep into life. One doesn't want a woman to be brilliant."

"It's consoling to hear you say that, Henry," said Ruth, smiling a sad little smile. "It's wonderful to be pitied and understood. A man can be brilliant without being hard in a way a woman can't, I think. . . . Do you know I've felt almost envious of that poor girl these last few days. I wish . . ."

"What do you wish?"

"Oh, nothing," said Ruth, "it doesn't matter." She crossed to the door, saying brightly, "Well, this is the last of our evenings together."

But Henry rose up too and barred the way. He saw quite distinctly, for the first time in his life how pretty Ruth was, and how much she deserved to have his strong, wise companionship.

"Tell me what you were going to say first," he said.

Ruth hung her head.

"It was only something silly."

"I shan't think it silly. I couldn't think anything that you thought silly. Tell me what you were going to wish, Ruth."

"Only that you were as concerned about me as you are about poor Daisy, Henry," she said softly.

"Ruth!" shouted Henry.

So it was that, on Isobel's return, she found the house not in tears but in joyful commotion.

"You tell her," said Henry to Ruth.

"You tell her," said Ruth to Henry.

It did not take Isobel many moments to learn that they were engaged.

"Just let me get off my hat," said Isobel, "and I'll congratulate you properly."

SHE congratulated them properly. She wore an air of boisterous rejoicing. She got out a bottle of champagne.

"And now," she said, about two hours later, when the plans for their immediate marriage had been placed before her fully, when Ruth had announced her taste in wedding clothes and Henry his in houses, "and now," said Isobel, "tell me what you have done with my bold, bad Daisy."

Henry and Ruth had for the moment forgotten Daisy.

"Oh, she's all right," said Henry; "she's at Folkestone having a holiday. Ruth has managed everything splendidly."

"Yes," said Isobel, "but what have you decided to do with her when she comes back?"

"We haven't actually decided to do anything yet," said Henry, "we thought we'd wait for you."

"As she is your housemaid," said Ruth.

"We know you'll take care of her," said Henry.

"You're such an angel, Isobel," said Ruth.

S. L.

A SIMPLE BALLADE

WERE I a poet, it would be
A joy in verse to hymn your praise,
And in the realms of Possy
My lyre in loving song to raise,
But most men in these modern days,
To such heights have not learnt to fly
And though I, too, lack poets' ways,
I'll love you, darling, till I die.

That saying's trite, I quite agree;
There's nothing clever in the phrase;
And yet I somehow think you'll see
That this is not a thoughtless craze.
I'm not the sort who lightly strays
From girl to girl, and that is why
My heart this loyal homage pays,
"I'll love you, darling, till I die."

Such happiness has come to me,
It fills me with a great amaze;
So vast is it in its degree,
So firmly in my heart it stays.
Upon your photograph I gaze
And vow no man's more blest than I
Who from his heart sincerely says,
"I'll love you, darling, till I die."

ENVOI

This is not just a passing phase,
So lack of rhyming don't decry,
But take these words in place of lays,
"I'll love you, darling, till I die." BARD.

BY FOUET

"Tell yer fortune, Mister"
"How much?"
"Sixpence"
"Right. How d'yer guess?"

FILM NOTES

CUT OUT THE COMEDIES

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

A RISING LIGHT

Mary Ann Jackson, one of the smallest of the screen's comedy characters. She appears in "Our Gang" series of comedies

IT seems to me about time that someone discussed with frankness the average two-reel film comedy. Somehow or other we have become accustomed to enduring these efforts without protest, although, since no cinema programme appears to be complete without a two-reeler, they should obviously be treated more seriously than has hitherto been the case.

LET us therefore consider the comedy question. There exists in the world to-day one cinema clown of supreme genius and two really first-class hard-working film comedians. I am alluding, of course, to Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton. We have also Harry Langdon (American) and Walter Forde (English), both of whom can be relied upon to appear in comedies which are at times extremely funny, and which never in any case descend to depths of bathos and drivel.

NOW what is the annual output of these comedy kings? Chaplin makes a film about every three years. Lloyd and Keaton generally manage to produce one about every twelve months—an example which is followed, I should say, by Messrs. Forde and Langdon. Therefore, if the average film fan sees three good comedies a year he is lucky, and yet the unwritten law demands that in five cinemas out of six a comedy shall be included every week in the programme. The results of this convention are the two-reel custard-pie comedies which are ground out of Hollywood studios with the dismal regularity of sausages emerging from a machine.

Wide World

A FILM STAR AT HOME

Gwen Lee, one of the many attractive young people working under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner. She is seen at the ornate entrance to the patio in front of her home in Beverly Hills, the home of so many of those who have succeeded in the battle for recognition

THESE comedies are usually quite distressingly unfunny. They are, in fact, more stupid, dreary, gross, and witless than the cheapest and shoddiest pantomime ever produced. They disdain to borrow from the healthiest and most primitive form of humour in existence, that of clowns in the circus ring, and have instead evolved a stale and ghastly technique of their own—technique which wavers indecisively between the crudely boisterous and the slyly prurient. Frank vulgarity is quite unknown to them, and the dizziest heights of humour are considered to have been scaled when an obscene old man is to be observed peering at a half-nude girl through opera-glasses. Then follows, with

MODERN GRACE

Anita Page, who stars in that most successful talkie, "Broadway Melody." She is seen in an attractive evening gown by Callot

A CORNER IN SOUVENIRS

Joan Crawford, who has recently reached the dizzy heights of stardom, surrounded by the rewards—or penalties—of popularity. She was recently married to Douglas Fairbanks, Junr.

devastating sameness, a chase in motor cars and an orgy of pie-throwing.

I WOULD not object to seeing one, or even two, of these efforts, but the other day at the Capitol Cinema I came to the sad conclusion that I must, in the last two years, have watched twenty old men eyeing bathing-girls and have participated in at least fifty different displays of cake-slinging. As for Ford cars running amok down the boulevards of Hollywood, they have entirely ceased to tickle my possibly jaded senses. Yet the future of a film critic will, no doubt, include dozens of similar comedies, since they are the only type of film humour now in process of steady manufacture. What an appalling prospect!

THE comedy at the Capitol related the imbecile adventures of three gross, fat, and disgusting men, whose proper place should either have been a sanitorium or the freak-show of Messrs. Barnum and Bailey. The standard of screen humour has obviously not progressed since the days of Fatty Arbuckle, whose methods are far better forgotten. This particular comedy dragged through two weary reels without the embellishment of one single glint of humour. A more pitiful entertainment can hardly be conceived. So much for American comedies. Here is a chance for British producers. We have in this country a number of cleanly clever comedians on the stage. Is it too much to hope that their talent may be utilised on the screen? E. S.

A BRITISH STAR

Madeleine Carroll, who is playing in British International Talkie Films. She will be seen in "The American Prisoner," under the direction of Thomas Bentley, and "Atlantic," which E. A. Dupont is producing

PARIS GOSSIP

Pacific and Atlantic

Mlle. Nicole de Ruves in a typically Parisian costume. The fishes embroidered upon it suggest that it is not solely designed for sun bathing

BELGIANS, BATHS and BOOKS

By SYLVIA LYON

THERE is something charmingly naïve in the expansive wording of Continental publicity: "COME TO BELGIUM, BELGIUM INVITES YOU." I read with emotion this large-handed and largely printed evidence of hospitality. Suppose I took Belgium at her word? What a lot of fun it would be to carry either a big hoarding or a mere magazine-page with me in order to convince the Chef de Gare or Chef de Protocol that I wasn't gate-crashing.

Of course, when I had once fallen over the Belgian border with my invitation they couldn't very well send me back, could they? An invitation is an invitation, isn't it? I hope Belgium will send around some nice young men to take me about, preferably the Count of Flanders, or Prince Henri of France (since his twenty-first birthday, last week, the Comte de Paris), who can't live in France, but has to live with his father, the Duc de Guise, at their Manoir d'Anjou, near Brussels.

S

YES, the summer can be amusing in Paris, especially if one is not here permanently. It is awfully hot; but I can depend on a good noisy thunderstorm every afternoon at five o'clock; I can eat peaches in solitary peace and read postal cards from my friends who are not only hot, but being tortured at various cures. It is really strange that your friends seem to be utterly healthy all winter and spring, until one day you hear: "My doctor has discovered that I have liver trouble. Come down and see me at Vichy, won't you?"

S

I NEVER seem to be able to get around to make party calls, and what a magnificently cynical gesture it would be to get into a car and tour France, stopping to see all my friends. I have marked on my list: Liver, kidneys, gout, arthritis, etc., so I will tell my concierge I am off to Vichy, Vittel, Aix, Evian, Contrexeville, etc. What fun! as long as I don't have to drink the waters.

I expect to have a lot of fun at Mont-Dore, where all my asthmatic acquaintances seem to be. Apparently at Mont-Dore, instead of saying, "Come on, let's go for a cocktail," one says, "Come on, let's go and inhale a little gas." So you go out and sit before a machine, put a tube in your mouth, inhale gas, and have a perfectly grand time.

S

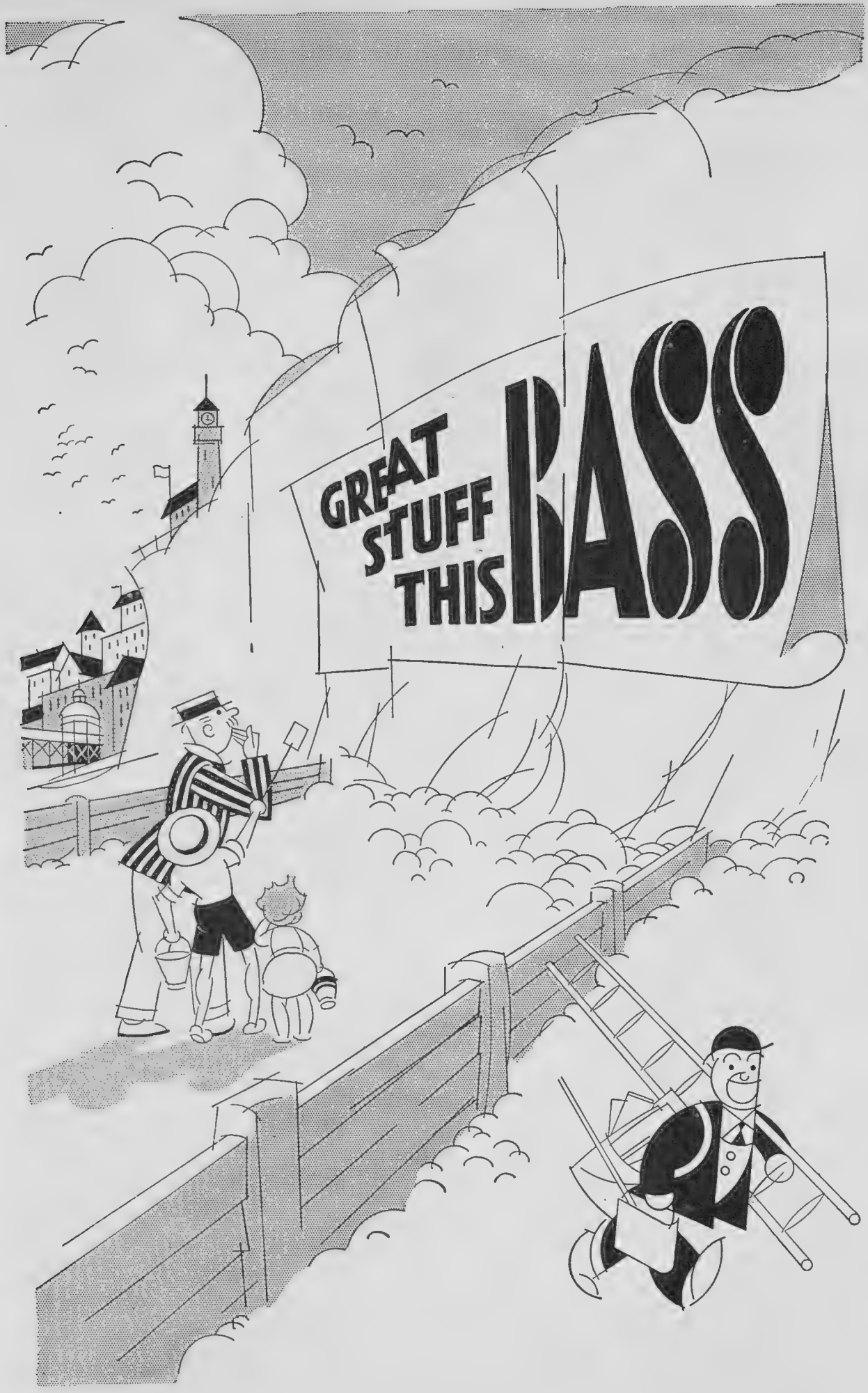
TRAVEL NOTE: I noticed at Deauville that the name of one of the principal streets is "Desiré le Hoc." I don't know what Desiré was celebrated for, but I like his name, it is so suggestive of Deauville. It must mean "Desire to Hock" after too much gambolling on the green.

DISCOVERED IN PARIS: It is practically impossible to get a long-distance call in the morning. All the lines are taken by the Bourse. At eleven o'clock the other morning I put in a call for Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, where one of my friends is taking the cure (phlebitis), and had my number at two in the afternoon.

Continued on page 320)

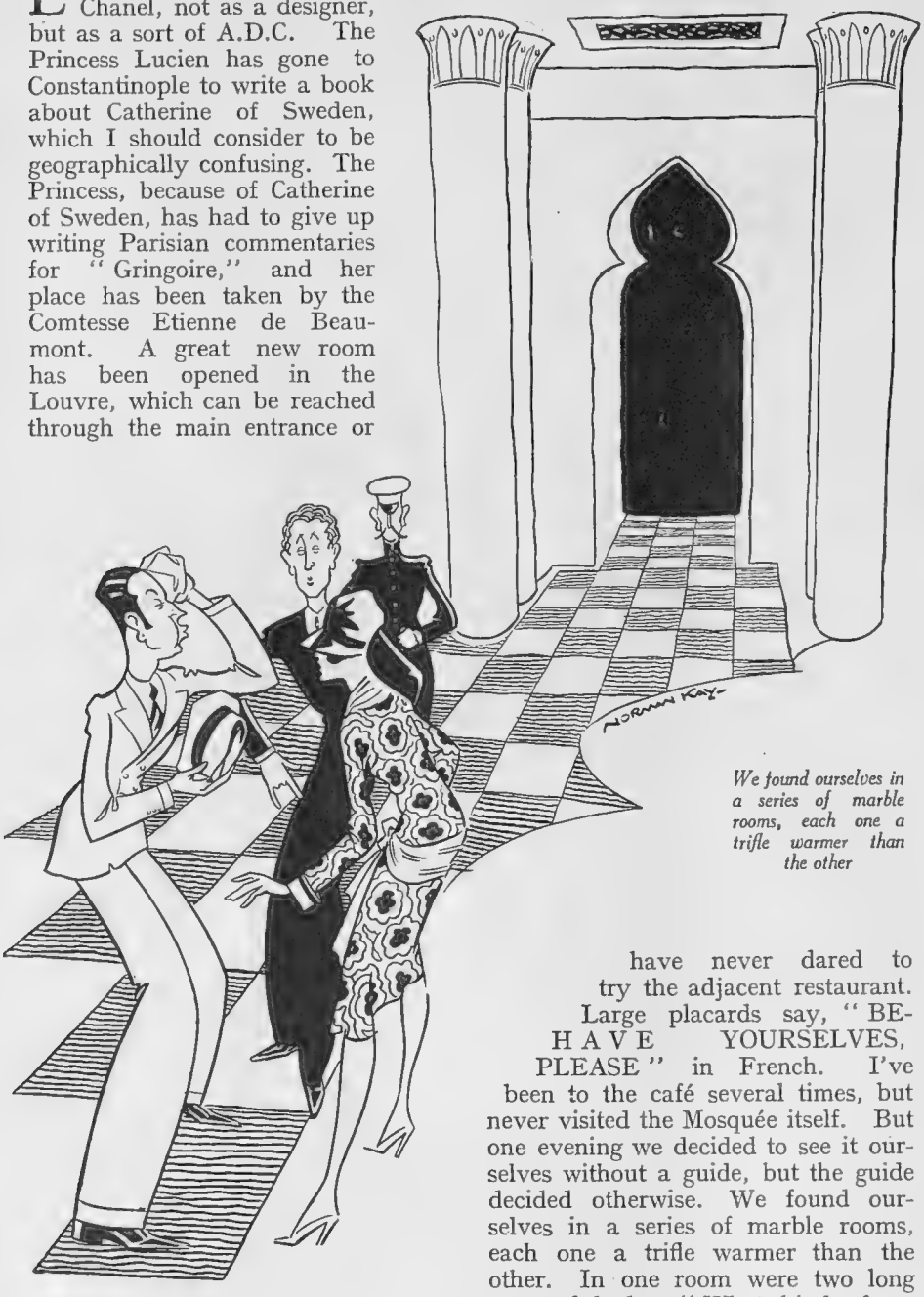
BY CHICOT

"I hope Belgium will send around some nice young men to take me about"


GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

A BRILLIANT FRENCH NOVEL

LADY ABDY is working at Chanel, not as a designer, but as a sort of A.D.C. The Princess Lucien has gone to Constantinople to write a book about Catherine of Sweden, which I should consider to be geographically confusing. The Princess, because of Catherine of Sweden, has had to give up writing Parisian commentaries for "Gringoire," and her place has been taken by the Comtesse Etienne de Beaumont. A great new room has been opened in the Louvre, which can be reached through the main entrance or from the quai, and a plan has been submitted to pave the immense Cour Carée with glass, to provide daylight for a subterranean section to accommodate the overflow of Roman and Egyptian sculpture. I have been told that Napoleon, while on his Egyptian campaign, got away with the mummy of Cleopatra, and she is buried beneath a bush in the little park facing the Bibliothèque Nationale.



We found ourselves in a series of marble rooms, each one a trifle warmer than the other

FAR away in the rue Geoffroy-St. Hilaire is the Mosquée, to which all the Musselmans in the world contributed. Algerian musicians wearing Syrian fezes play generally Oriental music in the Moorish café while you drink Turkish coffee. I have never dared to try the adjacent restaurant. Large placards say, "BEHAVE YOURSELVES, PLEASE" in French. I've been to the café several times, but never visited the Mosquée itself. But one evening we decided to see it ourselves without a guide, but the guide decided otherwise. We found ourselves in a series of marble rooms, each one a trifle warmer than the other. In one room were two long rows of beds. "What kind of religion is *this?*" I asked. "Oh, this isn't the church," I was told, "this is the Turkish bath." The very thought of that, on such a hot evening, sent me flying out of the door, where I found myself in a beautiful enclosed garden. I'll try the Mosquée again next winter.

JEAN COCTEAU'S new book, "Les Enfants Terribles" is brilliant in its conception and writing. *Les enfants terribles* are Elisabeth and Paul, two essentially original and elegant youngsters, left destitute and orphaned in their Montmartre flat. They fight continuously and adore one another, accenting their quarrels when Paul is injured in a snowball battle, and ordered out of school by the doctor who has discovered him to have heart-trouble. Their whole life is centred in the atrociously disordered room which they share together; Gérard, Paul's schoolmate, is the ward of a rich uncle who undertakes the support of the children, but who cannot induce Paul and Elisabeth to leave "The Room." Gérard grows up loving Elisabeth and not realising it: she is a goddess, not a girl. She marries an American boy living in Paris, and finds herself a widow with an immense fortune a few days after the wedding, her husband being killed in an automobile accident.

GÉRARD is so hypnotised by Elisabeth that when she tells him to marry her friend, Agathe, he does so. But Elisabeth is a devil; she knows that her brother is in love with Agathe, and by a manipulation of letters that in any other book would be banal and melodramatic, throws the girl into Gérard's arms, so that her own companionship with Paul cannot be disrupted. The letter destroyed, she destroys her brother; she taunts him into eating a poisonous plant sent as a "dare" by an old school-friend. The violent scene where Paul dies, in the palatial house at the Etoile where the four wild children had lived together since Elisabeth's widowhood, in a simulated atmosphere transferred from the mad little room in Montmartre, is a really remarkable chapter.

I AM reading "Mémoires . . . Les marroniers en fleurs," by the Comtesse de Gramont. Last year her "Au Temps des Equipages" gave me a good pain in the neck, especially when she describes having lunch with Anatole France and Madame de Caillavet as though she were out slumming. This book is written in the same sugar-tong manner, but I found one good bit; where Robert de Montesquiou, furious at Jacques Emile Blanche, stands before one of Blanche's paintings and says, "When are you going to put this piece of linoleum under the bath-tub?"

MONTESQUIOU is dead, dying with a reputation not so pink as his Palais de Rose, now owned by the Marchesa Casati. And now Blanche's Memoirs and comment on the literary, social and artistic life of Paris make Montesquiou's Mémoires read like the baby-talk of a conceited baby. And Madame de Gramont's Mémoires read like a worn-out society reporter gone garrulous on too much weak tea. S. L.

301 *Years*

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Just establish the habit of saying "Haig and soda" (instead of whisky and soda) and you will get a healthy stimulant equal to *the finest that ever came out of Scotland.*

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

"VERY GOOD COMPANIONS"

By RALPH STRAUS

"THE book of the year." I wonder how many new books manage to persuade some critic to describe them in that optimistic way? And what a lot of "masterpieces," to be sure, are published each month! True, the word "little" is generally inserted for safety's sake, but masterpieces of some kind or other are almost as common as the "sensations" which our newspapers so diligently discover every day in the year. And then the "works of genius"! . . .

❋

WELL, when a new book appears which seems to tower over the scores of others that you have been recently reading you do feel inclined to be somewhat exaggerated in your praise. This is only natural. You want to make sure that your own enjoyment shall be shared. For myself, I know that I am sometimes accused of being too "kind"—and this in spite of deliciously abusive letters from disgruntled authors—but I am very chary of using the word "genius," about whose meaning I have never been quite certain, and equally shy of that other much misused word "great." On the other hand, "a little masterpiece of its kind"—a phrase to which I plead guilty—is a convenient way of expressing my opinion that the book under review not only fulfils a worthy purpose, but is as gracious and polished and complete as it very well could be.

❋

WHAT, then, am I to say of Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, *The Good Companions* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*)? You may remember that I mentioned this book last week, without, however, saying much about it. And I trust that you were properly impressed by my unwillingness to review a book before I had read every word of it. You were meant to be impressed. I did read every word in its six hundred and forty pages, and, more important, was genuinely sorry when the time came for the book to be closed. I wanted to hear very much more about these excellent "companions." I wanted to tell Priestley to write a sequel of equal length. I never thought about it as "a little masterpiece of its kind," but I did think of it as "great," and I was convinced that I had read "the book of the year."

❋

AND this, mind you, in spite of several faults, one or two of which are almost grave! This in spite of the fact that there are passages which "derive," as they say, too clearly from some of the older masters! This in spite of the truly dreadful fact that the book has nothing "new" or "original" or daringly modern about it!

❋

ON the contrary, Mr. Priestley has dared to be old-fashioned. He has dared to use an old and well-tried model, and dared to be as romantic and as cheerful as Dickens himself. There is nothing about Œdipus, or inferiority complexes, or nasty perversions in his rollicking pages. But there *is* a good story about people who are healthily alive and glad to be alive, and you cannot read about them without becoming absorbed in their adventures and borrowing for yourself a little of their good spirits.

Mr. J. B. Priestley, whose new novel is reviewed on this page

VERY briefly I will try to tell you what it is all about. Three or four people, very different from each other in all kinds of ways, suddenly feel a call for adventure. First of all there is Mr. Oakroyd, a Yorkshire carpenter in the forties. You would never suppose that he would run away "South" from his family, but run away he does, and for very good reasons. Then there is Miss Trant, a manor-house lady in the thirties, who has spent most of her blameless life in looking after her father. He dies, and she, too, receives the call. There is also a young schoolmaster, who can strum very delightfully on the piano. He strums once too often—in forbidden hours, during a "binge"—and, unlike most of his kind, refuses to be bullied by his headmaster's wife. He tells her what he thinks of her, and leaves the house, ridiculously, at midnight.

❋

SO you have these three good people wandering about England and ultimately converging upon a small town where a troupe of pierrots are stranded. Mr. Oakroyd is still in a maze, the schoolmaster is interested and attracted, Miss Trant is touched. And in the most natural way in the world they join the little company, and as "The Good Companions" go forth to further adventure.

❋

AND that is all. But these adventures are both extensive and peculiar, and the people who take part in them are all extraordinarily real. In a little while you begin to feel as though you had been taken on, like Mr. Oakroyd, as an "extra hand." It becomes a matter of importance to you that "houses" shall be good, and that the various little romances shall go the right way. It becomes a matter of supreme importance to you that Inigo and Susie and Jerry shall see their names in illuminated letters outside a London theatre.

❋

DOES this happen? I shall not tell you. You must read the book to find out. And I will go bail for your enjoying it hugely. If you complain that all the romances go a little too satisfactorily, you may: that, I fancy, is a fault which Mr. Priestley would admit. If, further, you think that Miss Trant would have remained a spinster all her days, I am ready to agree with you. If you accuse Mr. Priestley of introducing one wooden figure and one or two unnecessary incidents, I shall have nothing to say. But if you don't approve of these excellent "companions," if they do not remain in your memory as dear old friends, if you do not want to renew their acquaintance next year, or the year after that, why, then, I shall have to begin thinking of eating my hat.

❋

ONE word more. This book is extraordinarily heavy to *hold*. What a pity that the old three-volume novel cannot be revived! They did make the experiment with a Wells book, though with what success I do not know. A thinner paper might have been tried. But this is a minor point. The printing itself is clear and good, and the price very modest indeed.

❋

MORE of "Bulldog" Drummond! "Sapper" certainly knows how to spin an exciting yarn, and in *Temple Tower* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Elissa Landi

is one of the most interesting of our younger actresses. She has a most decided personality, with emphatic convictions about persons and affairs. She also has a very striking beauty, as all those know who saw her portrait in last year's Academy. Miss Landi has carried herself to the front by painstaking development of a talent for acting which has proved itself in several recent outstanding successes.

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The Thrill of Thrills.

In Miss Landi's opinion a smooth soft skin and a delicate complexion never fail to create a thrill of pleasure in the spectator. "An exquisite skin is one of the most important assets an actress can have. Therefore I have to see that my skin is extremely well cared for. Pond's preparations keep my skin in perfect condition. I don't see why every woman should not develop her natural loveliness in the same way—by a natural method which brings out all the waiting beauty, without harm and without effort. To every woman I say: 'Use Pond's.'"

Elissa Landi

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 322)

" sensations " follow one another thick and fast. I do not know whether I was intended to guess the identity of Le Bossu, the arch-criminal whose hobby is strangling people to death, quite so soon as I did, but that hardly matters. The background—Romney Marsh—is sufficiently picturesque; Mr. Granger's prison of a house is more than queer; and Captain Drummond has lost little either of his bodily prowess or of his mental equipment.

❋

THE best novel I remember ever to have read about life in the East End of London was *The Pool,* by Anthony Bertram. It did not, I think, enjoy the great success that it undoubtedly deserved, though the time will probably come when its author's earlier works will have to be reprinted. Meanwhile, there is another novel just published which is not altogether unlike it. *In the Long Run* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the work of Mr. Godwin Kompers, whose name is quite new to me. He certainly knows his East Enders, and if his novel about them is not quite so closely knitted as it might be, it makes very good reading.

His story, for the most part, concerns only the very poorest, as they tried to " carry on " during the last years of war and at the beginning of the peace. Queer, primitive young people, very loyal, very savage, and as rigidly tied to their conventions as any Victorian " lady." The tragedy of Hettie, who unwittingly married a " coppers' nark," and the career of her neighbour Florrie, are both touching little cameos.

Usually I find " dialect " vaguely annoying, but Mr. Kompers is so interesting, and his background and people so unusual, that there can be no irritation on that score. His book is stark and vivid and moving, a strange picture of a very strange world. R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Devil's Paradise, which will be published by Murrays in August, is Miss Amy McLaren's new love story. We are told it tells the story of a love which crosses in places though not in time . . . a tragedy of bygone days which still haunts an old garden.

In *The Kerrils of Hill End,* which Mr. Murray will publish on August 28th, Mr. Charles Landstone has written a novel of London Jewish life. The book is in the main a study of Reenie, a Jewess of personality and capacity, and of her upbringing in the country village of Hill End, which subsequently becomes a thriving London suburb.

Edward Thompson, whose new War book, *Crusaders' Coast,* dealing with the Palestine campaign in 1918, is about to appear from Ernest Benn, will follow this with a volume of Collected Poems. This book will contain representative examples of his work over the last twenty-five years, and will be his final book of verse. Dr. Thompson's views on the publishing of verse nowadays are well known, and appeared recently in a pamphlet entitled " Who Killed Cock Robin? "

Anne Parrish, whose new novel, *All Kneeling,* has just been published, has finished another book entitled *The Methodist Faun.* The word Methodist does not perhaps convey so much to English readers as it does to Americans. For the English edition the title may be changed to *The Non-Conformist Faun.*

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia, translated by John Cournos. The most faithful view in literature of Russia in revolution and reconstruction may be found, as has proved the case with the Great War, in the work of novelists rather than politicians and sociologists. This book gives a representative selection of short stories by the best workers in the art of fiction in Russia during the past decade. Isaac Babel, author of *Red Cavalry,* is represented by two stories in typical *tempo*; Boris Pilniak, hardly beloved of Bolshevik critics, and Vsevolod Ivanov, red enough for any communist, each contribute a story. Among pre-revolution writers still working in Russia, stories come from S. Sergeev-Tzensky, author of a fine novel called *Transfiguration*; Aleksey Tolstoy, distant relative of Count Leo and author of *Towards Golgotha*; and Mikhail Prishvin, writer of animal stories. Here, too, are the younger men: Leonid Leonov, Valentin Kataev, Glieb Alekseev, Vladimir Lidin, and, lastly, Efim Zozulya, whose *Tale about Ak and Humanity,* here included, is thought by the bold to satirise Lenin himself. To be published by Dent's in October.

George Borrow, by Samuel Milton Elam. It is surprising that so varied and elusive a personality as George Borrow, so long known to the gipsies of the world as " Lavengro," should not have allured more biographers. A. Knopf will publish on August 20th a new pen portrait by Samuel Milton Elam which catches the essence of this romantic wanderer and shows him as he really was—gipsy, scholar and priest, not in tame succession, but simultaneously. For Borrow, the author claims, was " a literal triumvirate," and it was because of the different and warring elements in his nature that his life was one of so much comedy and tragedy, adventure and romance. This is a biography to look out for.

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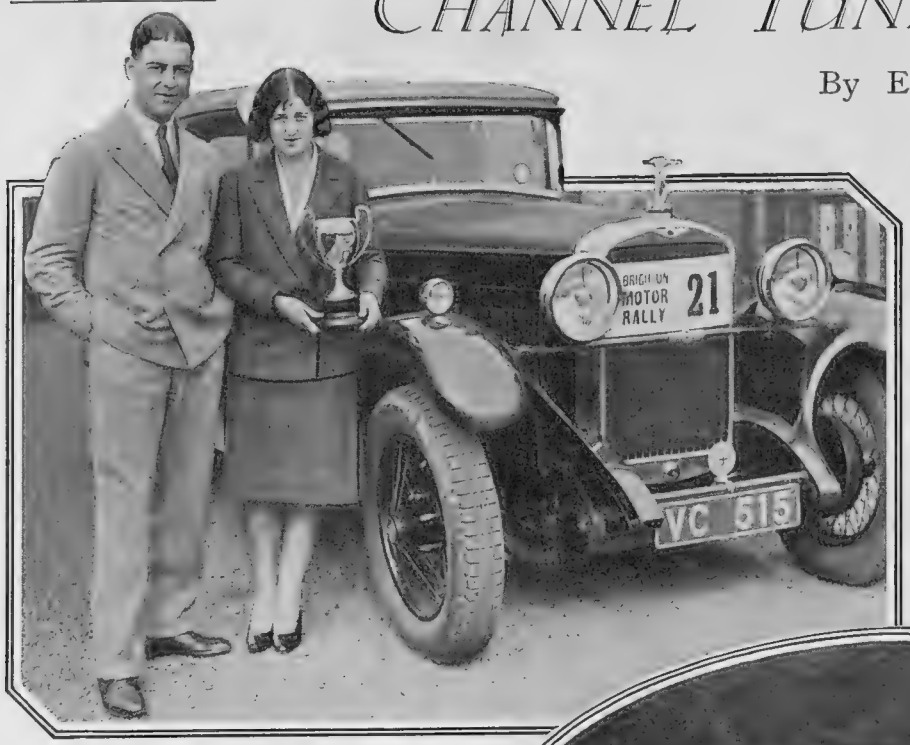
MOTOR NOTES

CHANNEL TUNNEL CHARMS

By E. M. WRIGHT



Mr. and Mrs. G. J. N. Mull, of Nuneaton, with the cup they won in the John o' Groat's-Brighton Motor Reliability Trial. Their car is a Hillman Straight Eight

WHO among the thousands that pass every day of the year across those narrow seas—only an hour, yet what an eternity of misery!—would not welcome the few minutes' rapid transit through a tunnel? To step into a train at Victoria and leave it at the Gare du Nord! It is a dream that must some day come true. For the motorist pure and simple the Tunnel would come as a boon. Much mention has been made of the difficulties of ventilation, which, it is frequently urged, would prevent cars travelling under their own power. There is, on the other hand, the example of the New Jersey tunnel, some miles in length, where this problem has apparently been successfully solved. Even, however, were it necessary for cars to be shipped on special railway trucks, such a procedure could hardly be so cumbersome as that of shipping them on a steamer, while there would be no risk of damage to coachwork and bright parts from sea-water—a very real risk nowadays in view of the fact that cars are usually stowed on deck.

***

NOR could the charges for such transport be so prohibitive as they now are. When the single fare for even the smallest of cars amounts to just about the same as the first-class fare from London to Paris, the motorist may well hesitate before taking his car on a holiday abroad. The addition of something between £10 and £20 to every holiday bill may easily account for the fact that in comparison with the thousands of English people who spend their holidays abroad but a handful take their cars with them, and that, furthermore, the foreign motorist is almost unknown in this country. So

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught beside their new Humber car. It is a 20/55 h.p. six-cylinder 1929 limousine

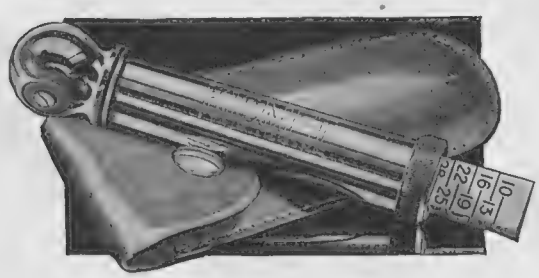
THE history of transport is one long story of obstruction. Not the least (to quote a classic example) among the arguments against a Bill authorising the construction of a railway in 1818 was that it threatened to pass near a duke's coverts. And the Bill was thrown out! Motorists scarcely need to consult the past for further examples of narrow-minded, bigoted conservatism. The road laws operating at this very moment are as out of date as the crinoline. But if war still rages between the die-hard and the motorist, how shall we describe the bitter conflict which the revival of the Channel Tunnel scheme has aroused between the rationally minded and the "tight little islanders" who profess to see I know not what danger in the establishment of a land frontier which at the most can hardly exceed fifty feet.

***

FROM the first moment that the ship took the swell as it bore me from Dover on my first trip to France I have been a staunch supporter of the Tunnel idea. It is well enough for hearty sea-dogs to tramp vigorously up and down the deck ostentatiously sniffing ozone, for—as Lewis Carroll so feelingly remarks:—

"What if you are very unwell in the boat,
Then, how do you like the sea?"

I am always unwell in the boat. The cigarette which I lit in a spirit of sheer bravado loses its savour as we start to reach the open sea. Tobacco smoke, indeed, grows positively nauseous, and I hastily abandon the weed, along with all thoughts of bananas and bacon and similar succulent foodstuffs. I try to read, but the make-believe emotions of the heroine rouse no response in my own heart. The very real emotions with which my being is torn leave me incapable of sympathy except for myself. At last, praying only for an end to human suffering, I prepare to surrender my soul to my Maker and my breakfast to the vasty deep.



Kismet Universal Tyre Tester, a reference to which useful contrivance will be found on the following page

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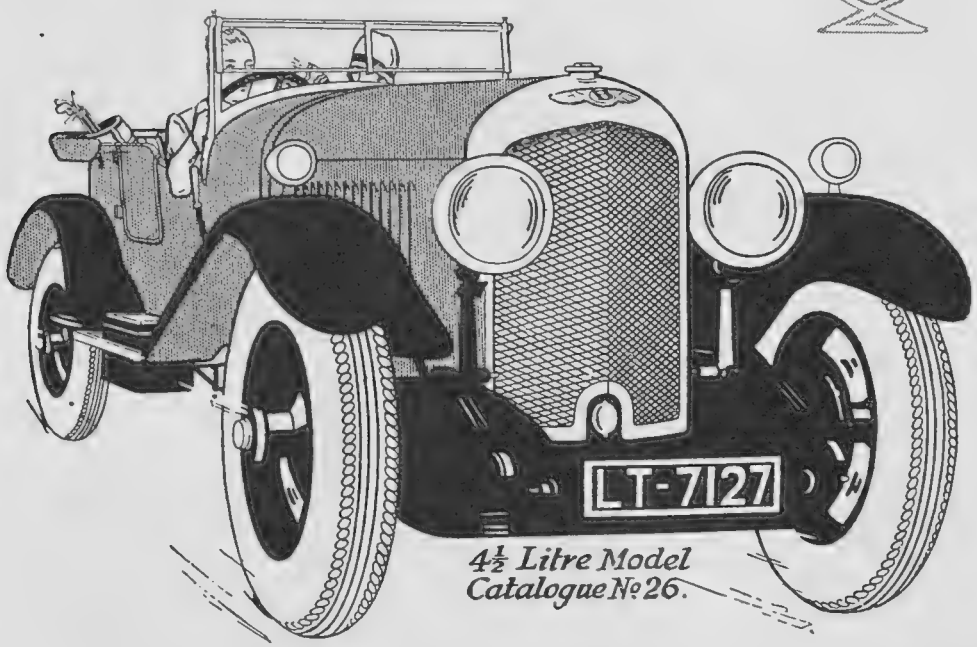
—*The Sphere*, March 17th, 1928.



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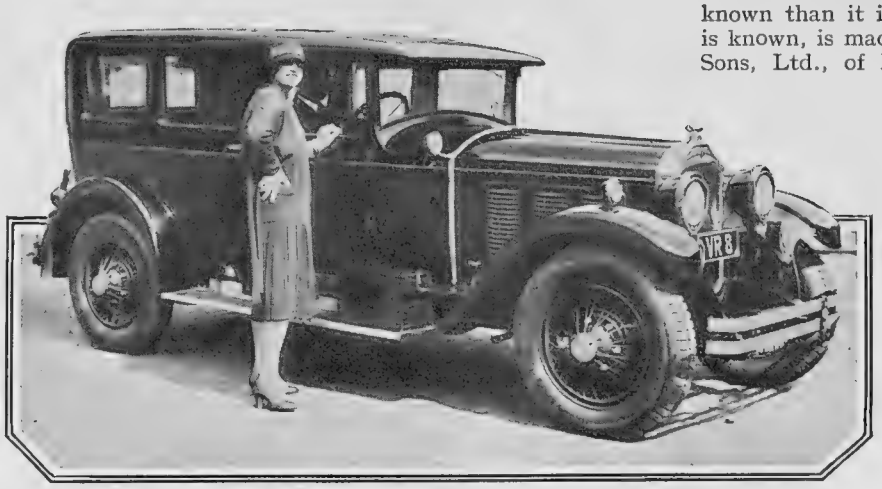
MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 326)

let us build this Tunnel, and waste no more time talking and beating about the bush. As Dickens might very truly have said in the sonorous words (a trifle garbled) with which he closes his "Tale of Two Cities": "There'll be far, far bigger trade through the Tunnel than the ships have ever done; there'll be far, far better 'crossings' in future than we have ever known."

***

Do London motorists realise that any day they may wake up and find themselves forbidden to drive down Oxford Street, or through Trafalgar Square, or any part of London? Yet such a state of affairs is not impossible, thanks to the provisions of the London Traffic Act of 1924. There never was a more astonishing measure than this, which on twenty-three different points gives the Minister of Transport power to make regulations which will have as much force as an Act of Parliament itself. Amongst them, for instance, is one that gives him power to proscribe streets which are not to be used for traffic by vehicles of any specified class or classes whatever, generally or at any specified times!



"Daily Mail"

Miss Margery Lawrence, the well-known novelist, beside her new car It is a 66A Willys-Knight limousine saloon

For more than a year now I have been using a tyre pressure gauge of British manufacture that deserves to be better known than it is. The "Kismet," as it is known, is made by William Turner and Sons, Ltd., of Fitzwilliam Works, Sheffield, and sells at the very modest price of 6*s.* 6*d.* Personally, I have found it the best instrument of its kind on the market—at whatever price. Tyre pressures in these days of balloon sections should never be left to guesswork. A handy gauge such as the "Kismet" should be in every motorist's kit.

***

Sir Henry Segrave's Golden Arrow, the world's fastest car, which holds the speed record for Great Britain, is to be shown in New Zealand. This will be at the All-British Motor Car Show in Wellington early next year.

E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT: DON'T "ACT SUDDEN"

Do not pull up without giving due notice. Remember that other cars are following, and a sudden application of your brakes may result in a bad smash. This is but one instance of a most important general rule, viz., do not at any time do the unexpected. The drivers behind you are not thought-readers, and they are entitled to proper warning of any unusual manœuvre on your part. Nor is it enough to signal your intention without pausing before putting it into effect. Those following you must have time in which to accommodate themselves to your change of plan.

Do not, to take another example, dart out from a by-lane into a busy main road. Even though you have sounded your horn, it is necessary for you to see what is coming, and—what is more important—for others to see you. In short, road courtesy merely amounts to consideration of others, and such consideration, incidentally, is worth while from a purely selfish point of view. It will possibly save you from a smash, and will certainly save you many an anxious moment. Above all, never get rattled, however stupid the other fellow is—or seems to be. Coolness will generally get you safely out of the tightest corner.

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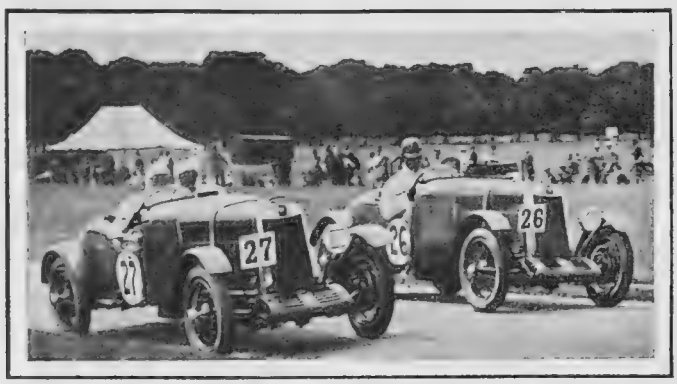

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Two of the Lea-Francis team at speed.

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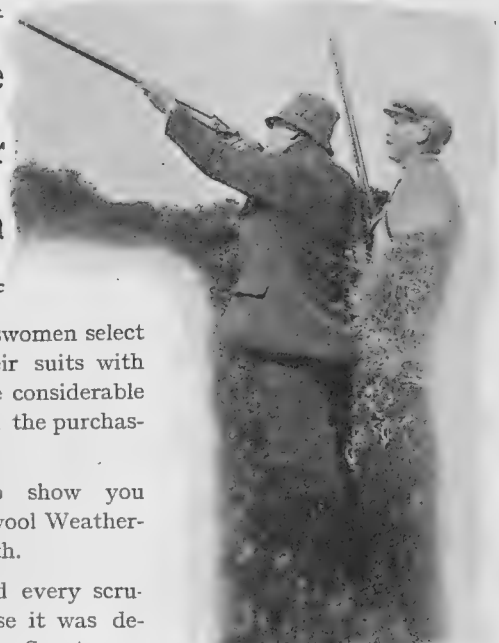

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A photograph taken on Lord Rochdale's grouse shoot on Wemergill Moor, Middleton-in-Tees, Durham A drive in progress

SHOOTING PROSPECTS

By MAX BAKER

MR. MAX BAKER has been prominent in gun work since the age of twenty, when he became proprietor of a trade paper, "Arms and Explosives." For some years secretary to the Gunmakers' Association it was he, in conjunction with Mr. J. C. Scott, representing Birmingham, who worked out the gun chamber sizes, now world standard. He joined the "Field" as gun expert in 1900. Leaving the "Field" in 1920, he shortly afterwards joined "Country Life," and in the course of five years with that paper visited a number of country estates celebrated for their shooting. His duties also included numerous visits to Public School O.T.C.'s in connection with their rifle shooting practice. In 1926–7 he spent six months as guest of the Maharaja of Patiala to advise and assist in the introduction of English pheasants in certain portions of His Highness's State, happily situated in the Himalayas and already the home of varieties well known to Indian sportsmen. During the trip he participated in H.H. the Maharaja of Bharatpur's great duck shoot, also "interviewed" tigers at close but safe quarters. As creator of "The Shooter's Year Book," and for many years its producer, he has supplied gun and cartridge conversation with most of its data for a quarter of a century. In future he will contribute useful shooting hints to our readers.

EVERYBODY tells everybody that shooting is to be very good this season. Conversation supplies a wealth of detail, mostly consisting of haphazard examples without much reference to local conditions, which may or may not be exceptional. But the chorus welds exceptions and rule into a single mighty optimism.

GOOD seasons are supposed to run about one in six, but they are far from evenly distributed. The carefully kept records of a big estate display the outstanding years without risk of mistake, partridges being the criterion because they are a naturally bred bird and not influenced by artificial rearing. A review of the first two decades of the present century on the basis of the game book of a celebrated Norfolk domain at once draws attention to the superlative season 1905-6, whilst 1907, 1910, and 1919 were pathetic. Next to the best were 1902 and 1904. Otherwise, the great truth brought home is that, except in disastrous years, the estate, favoured by Nature and carefully tended, shows but modest fluctuations. The much greater rise and fall of the country's total is a reflex of weather influences on land that soon gets choked by the excessive rainfall which this climate so frequently registers.

FRESH in memory is the drought year 1921, very similar to this in its outstanding feature. It was a really wonderful season for game, not so much because the celebrated estates on natural shooting land did remarkably well, but because the less favoured spots showed great improvement on their average. Good game land is of light texture, usually has low rainfall, and in any case enjoys relative immunity from its worst effects. Therefore, it suffers in excessive drought, while stiff lands resist it best.

THE year 1896 had another very dry spell, which the older generation may still remember. As usually happens, there was great scarcity of roots and other low covert. The splendid device was widely recommended and adopted of buying patches of standing corn and using it for collecting the birds: an essential feature of the process of driving. The history of that year reminds us that, besides having the birds, you must have favourable weather for shooting them. Grouse shooters flattened their noses against the window panes during many weary days, birds were wild and packed so early as to bring shooting to a premature end. Partridges were good in spite of rain interruptions.

THE present year's late winter frost was even more remarkable than the drought. Thanks to the propaganda work, inspired to a great extent by the great cartridge combine, partridges were assisted in this time of scarce green food. Grouse were driven by inclement conditions from the high

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

After the first drive. Loading the pannier ponies on the Rohalion Moors, Murthly, Perthshire This shoot has been taken this year by Mr. Clark. The outlook in this district is more favourable than it has been for many years

STRAIGHT TO HAND

A young retriever being taught his business. The hare comes in useful

ground, so that much useful intermixing of blood must have occurred. Most wonderful of all the pulverising of soil was so thorough that root crops have stood the drought in a manner few could have foreseen. An unfavourable result of frost plus drought was deficient herbage, hence partridge nests were unduly exposed to view, with worse to follow, since rooks adopt nearly an exclusive egg diet when "insects" (worms, slugs, etc.) are lacking. The surplus of rooks could easily be remedied. Why so vital an attention to the needs of sport and husbandry is neglected remains one of the mysteries of outdoor economics.

PHEASANTS have been wonderful. Hatching and rearing records make pleasant reading, and this occurs in a season when owners of shooting have made the best effort of post-war years to secure this valuable crop from our woodlands. Wild birds have done well in addition, so that the cup is full, some say overflowing.

OF grouse it is best not to say anything till the results are known, and we shall not have long to wait. The caution of the keeper, with the reticence of the agent having moors to let, combine to stimulate expectancy rather than optimism; but, undoubtedly, optimism has broken loose this year. May its anticipations be fulfilled, but, above all, let limits be promptly raised if the birds are there, so as to avoid the evils of over-stock at a time when much heather, browned by frost, has still to recover.

SEPTEMBER partridge shooting is a waste of good material, but this year a lot of it should be done with the exclusive object of removing the old birds. It sounds ungrateful, but if the stock has once more come back to proper dimensions the opportunity is best utilised by a population exclusively consisting of young birds. October driving will be rendered more fruitful if the birds then remaining are mostly young. With the same object in view neighbours should collaborate for the joint shooting of all boundaries.

MAX BAKER'S WEEKLY HINT

BUSH YOUR PARTRIDGE GROUND

IN a season such as the present when harvest is likely to be early and partridges give every promise of attaining the long-desired state of plenty, take immediate measures for their protection from the netter. Don't wait till the eve of shooting on the assumption that dead birds alone are in demand. Live specimens, described as Hungarian, are far more valuable and enjoy no close season. Give immediate and thorough protection to pastures and rough ground where partridges "jugg"—the signs are unmistakable. Prepare an ample supply of bushes beforehand, both for grazing lands and for arable when the crops are cleared; dry them well so as to stiffen the thorns and at the same time destroy their attractiveness for browsing. Blackthorn is excellent treated in this way briars a good second. Trim to gain invisibility at night, let the length be 25 inches above ground and plant them very firmly by means of an iron rod. Loose bushes are unpopular with the shepherd. For the rest be vigilant to see that odd spaces have not been cleared and apply the treatment promptly to every piece of corn land as soon as the crop has been carried.

THE poor we always have with us. And the same is true of rabbits, though their position has vastly changed of late years. The farmer who cried aloud at their depredations now claims them as his own, and for lack of proper attention has allowed them to become a worse pest than in the days when good shooting management reduced them to the limit of other vermin. Except under arranged conditions they offer but little sport, and this will continue unless and until the sportsman takes kindly to ferreting, keeps his own hutch of good workers, and offers assistance at the time when it is welcome. Study and art save much digging. The quality of shot offered should not be despised; further, good hard work on the burrows can be intermixed with delightful walking in the company of spaniels. Get on the right side of the farmer is my advice.

A REFERENCE to ducks is more likely to rouse thoughts of coastal wildfowling than the giving of due attention to inland waters. Yet there are far more ducks on fresh than salt water, and they are only plentiful on the sea marshes and flats when driven by frost from their inland resorts. Moreover, there is an immense and growing amount of rearing in spite of the law, ostensibly directed against pigeon shooting, but prohibiting the best method of getting sport from ducks. The difficulties are being overcome, but still, as always, there is more waste of shooting opportunities as regards ducks than anything else. One hears of odd days with the gun. The duck offers odd hours, the hour being more often limited to twenty minutes. Its occurrence is soon after sunset. M. B.

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

Riding up to the butts on the Earl of Dalhousie's preserves at Invernark, Forfarshire

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but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
for the apparel oft proclaims the man."
Hamlet (Polonius), Act I, Scene III.

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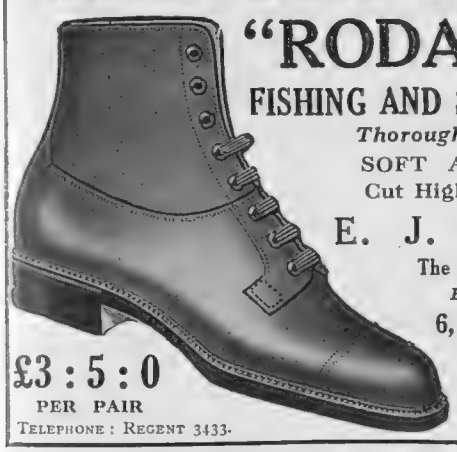

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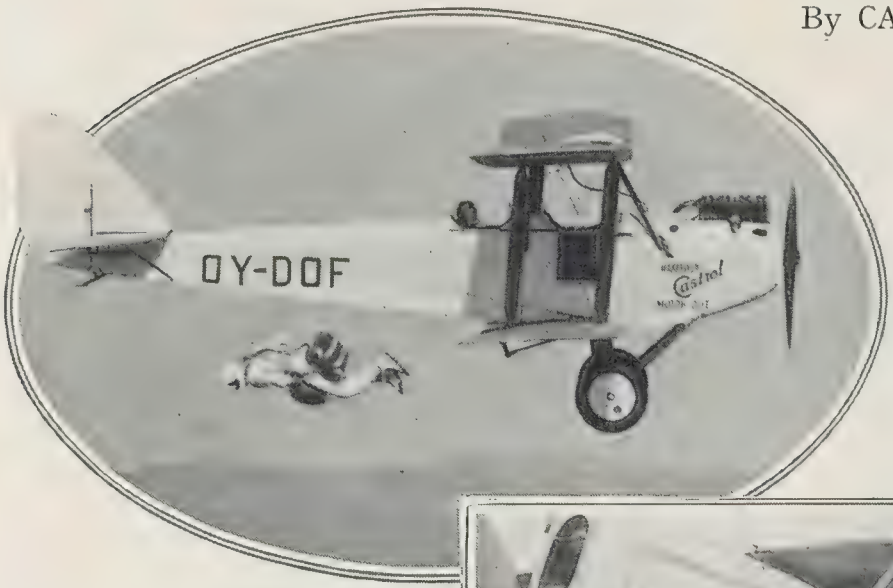
FLYING NOTES

GLOBE FLYING for the AMATEUR PILOT

By CAPT. C. E. WARD



Tage Christensen

OVERBOARD!

Mr. Tranum dropping from Mr. Jensen's Moth with a British Russell "Lobe" parachute over Kastrup Aerodrome, Copenhagen, from 3,000 ft.

Round the World by Moth

AN air tramp by light plane completely round the world is not yet a possibility because there are no aerodromes to speak of round the North of the Pacific and the hops between Greenland, Iceland and Europe are desolate and comparatively uncharted. Some enterprising young spirit will eventually blaze a trail, but at present the Pacific and the Atlantic must be crossed by boat, with the Moth pinned securely in its case below deck. The Vicomte and Vicomtess Jacques de Sibour have recently returned from a world tour which took them by way of France and Spain to Algeria and then along the north coast of Africa to Cairo, from whence they followed the air mail route across the desert to Baghdad and on to India. After crossing Burmah, they landed in Siam at Bangkok and then spent two months in Cochin China before shipping their Moth to Seattle. They flew across the United States, calling on President Hoover en route, and opened the first American country flying club on Long Island before "boxing" the Moth once more for the sea passage to Europe. Although this tour was not arranged as a demonstration, it has proved once more that the light plane is a practical vehicle for private travel, even in the hands of a pilot with quite moderate experience.

A Sign of the "Times"

'SHIPPING Movements" as a regular feature in our leading London daily has been supplemented for some months now by a small paragraph headed "Aircraft Movements," from which one can see at a glance the position of any of Imperial Airways' liners engaged on the Indian mail route. G-EBMY may have left Gaza for Baghdad and G-EBVG be on its way from Tobruk to Athens. Every machine, like a ship, has a name, but apparently it is bad form to refer to it by anything except a hieroglyphic known only to the company's officials and the wireless operators. Unlike ships, however, aircraft travel backwards and forwards over a section of the route only, handing over and receiving passengers and cargo from other machines, so that it is not possible to follow the movements of a friend as in the case of a ship which makes a complete voyage from point to point. This state of affairs may be changed later on if refuelling in the air proves to be more than a mere stunt over one selected aerodrome. There is no reason why supply planes should not ascend at different points on a route, transferring fuel, oil and cargo in the same manner as is practised in the United States at the present time for the purpose of breaking records and getting a contract on the music halls. Next year the African route will be operating as far as Mwanza in Tanganyika, giving a direct connection by train to Dar-es-Salaam, and from there by boat to Beira, Lourenço Marques and Durban. With any luck the latter port could be reached by air, rail and sea in 15 days from London, as compared with 20 days at present.

"Youth of Britain"

SIR ALAN COBHAM'S air liner means something in the lives of more than 15,000 people who have had flights in her during the past two months. She has visited 50 of the larger centres in England and Scotland, and there are another 50 towns in the programme, which concludes at the end of September. Something like half a million people must have seen this big white 'plane circling overhead, carrying for the most part passengers who had never previously sampled the pleasures of flying. As a propaganda tour it has been most successful. Every centre visited is certain to have a licensed aerodrome next year, and many cities and towns not included in the programme have determined to be on the air map for another occasion. The Forum Club has formed an Aviation Group under the presidency of the Hon. Lady Bailey, with the Hon. Mrs. Forbes Sempill as chairman. Sir Alan Cobham is taking the principal members to Hull in "Youth of Britain" on October 10th, when the municipal aerodrome will be formally declared open. Tollerton Aerodrome, at Nottingham, was opened the other day by the Lord Mayor, who flew to London by Moth to receive the licence from Mr. F. Montague, the Under-Secretary of State.

Aeroplane

Mr. George Parnall with "Elf," a sturdy 2-seater light 'plane

BY DE ROBEC

A SEA DOG

ROWNTREE'S TABLE JELLY DELIGHTS

RASPBERRY JELLY DESSERT.

Required: 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly; 1 small tin apricots or other fruit; 1 tablespoon shredded pistachios and almonds. Dissolve jelly in ¾ pint hot water, allow to cool. Decorate wet border mould (pint size) with fruit and nuts; pour in a little jelly. When set, add another layer fruit and nuts, then another layer jelly. Repeat till full. When set, turn out and garnish top with fruit, whipped cream or any surplus jelly, whipped. Garnish with nuts.

MACAROON TRIFLE.

Place 6 almond or cokernut macaroons (whole) and 12 ratafias (crushed) in glass dish. Pour on 1 Rowntree's Raspberry or Strawberry Jelly dissolved in ¾ pint hot water. Allow to set. For custard: beat 1 egg with 2 tablespoons sugar, add 1½ gills hot milk, reheat for 2 or 3 minutes (do not boil). When cool, pour on to the jelly; decorate with glacé cherries.

Famous for their fine quality, Rowntree's Table Jellies appeal to every taste. Their delicious fruit flavours charm the palate, as their shimmering colours delight the eye.

Try these four attractive recipes—then send to Rowntree's, B. 13 Dept., York, for the Free Recipe Book of Chocolate and Jelly Dainties, in which you will find many more original and easy-to-make dishes for the sweet-course.

In 10 Varieties

Pint 4½D packet

COFFEE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Vanilla Jelly in ¾ pint hot water with ¼ pint strained coffee added. Beat 1 egg with 1 oz. sugar; add ½ pint warm milk; stir over gentle heat till thickened. Allow both to cool, then add jelly gently to custard. Mix thoroughly. Line russe mould with jelly; line with sponge fingers tightly packed; fill up mould with coffee cream; leave to set.

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.

One Rowntree's Jelly (any flavour); few chopped almonds. Dissolve the jelly in half-pint hot water, and pour into a small flat tin about half to one inch deep. Sprinkle almonds on the top. When set, turn out on to wet grease-proof paper, cut into small squares, using a knife dipped into hot water. Serve on fancy dish.

Fashions Fancies

FOR THE MOORS AND LINKS

A trio of country costumes sponsored by Crissy Bell, of 19, Conduit Street, W. On the extreme left is a cardigan suit of a specially woven blue woollen fabric. The white tricot jumper is patterned in red and blue, these colours being accentuated by the striped belt and borders. The second suit consists of a Scotch tweed wrap skirt, a knitted cardigan in similar tones, and an orange jumper. Beige and brown tweed is worn by the seated figure, the accompanying hat having a neat leather band similar to that which is threaded through the top of the skirt. The tucked-in jumper is of beige wool, with a brown and beige silk tie

FABRICS USED IN THE AUTUMN COLLECTIONS

An admirable coat of black and white tweed, with a new shaped collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. From Switzers

Phyllis Earle's rouges add a soft glow to the complexion, while her powders give it a delicate pearly appearance

The Vogue of Velvet

THE advance guard of the new autumn fashions has now reached London. Studying them at the Maison Ross it was very evident that velvet of every kind, colour, and design will be seen during the afternoon and evening, while metal lace and diaphanous *lamés* are used for exquisite dance dresses. Satin, which is definitely heavier than the new velvets, lends itself well to Princess lines. A charming afternoon costume was expressed in black hand-printed semi-transparent checked velvet, the short coat lined with flesh-coloured satin, of which fabric the intricate jumper was made, and collared with fox. Last week we talked about the new silhouette. It is interesting to note that narrow trains adorn many important frocks, and that V necks were a noticeable feature of this collection.

After-holiday Complexion Care

IT often happens that, whatever resolutions may have been made before one went away, one's skin is allowed to suffer when one spends a holiday beside the sea. Also, not everybody browns in an attractive manner, and even those who do are apt to go through a patchy stage when they come back to town, and it begins to fade. It is, therefore, imperative when one returns that steps be taken to nourish and care for the skin in order that its delicacy of colouring and texture may be restored. Expert advice is given without any charge at the Phyllis Earle Salons, 32, Dover Street, where a facial massage or a beauty treatment will work a veritable transformation. The cleansing cream keeps the skin radiantly fresh and clear, while the Jasmin day cream protects the complexion, and forms a base for powder. There are six types of paste, liquid, and solidified powder, and rouges, each of them being described in the "Phyllis Earle Book of Beauty Preparations," which will be sent post free on request.

All-weather Motoring

SEPTEMBER is a favourite month for motoring tours. At the same time its evenings are usually rather chilly, and it is wise to take a warm wrap which will banish all risks of discomfort and chills. Illustrated at the foot of this page is a very smart green leather coat which comes from Gamages, of Holborn. It is lined and faced with an all-wool green and beige checked fabric, and is admirably cut on slender lines, which are preserved by a zipp fastener down each side when the wearer is standing, a V-shaped inset coming into play when she sits, so that there is a generous wrap across the knees. The patch pockets are decorated with gilt eyelet holes, and the cost is 11 gns. Long leather coats are available from so low a price as 70*s*., while short ones, in delightful colours, range from 3 gns.

La Mode in Irelond

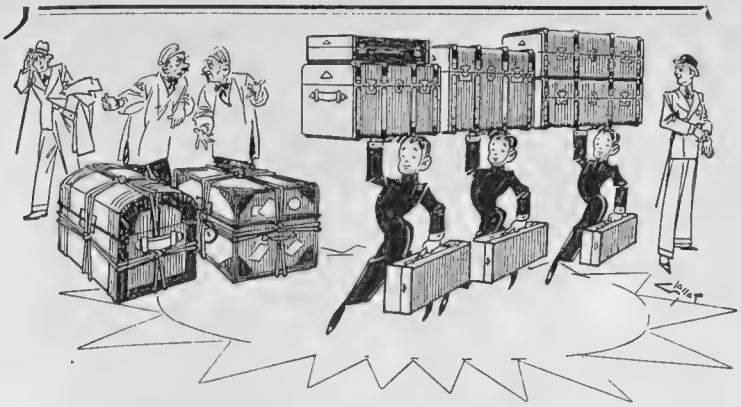
AN unfailing centre of attraction in Dublin is Switzers, of Grafton Street, where the requirements of the modern woman are carefully considered, and exclusive gowns, coats, millinery, and the newest accessories may always be found. Sketched at the head of this page is an irreproachable black and white tweed coat with a Persian lamb collar and cuffs, which is typical of the new autumn styles. Visitors should make a point of inspecting their luxuriously appointed ladies' hairdressing salons, and should also note that there is an excellent restaurant.

At Cowes

SHOPPING at Cowes, it is pleasant to know of an establishment like Madame Taylor's, 43, High Street, where frocks and gowns from leading London and Paris houses are shown, as well as costumes, jumpers, and becoming hand-made hats which are particularly suitable for the yachting season.

A cleverly cut coat of green Nappa, lined with beige and green checked woollen fabric. It is sponsored by Gamages

Sketches by Beta



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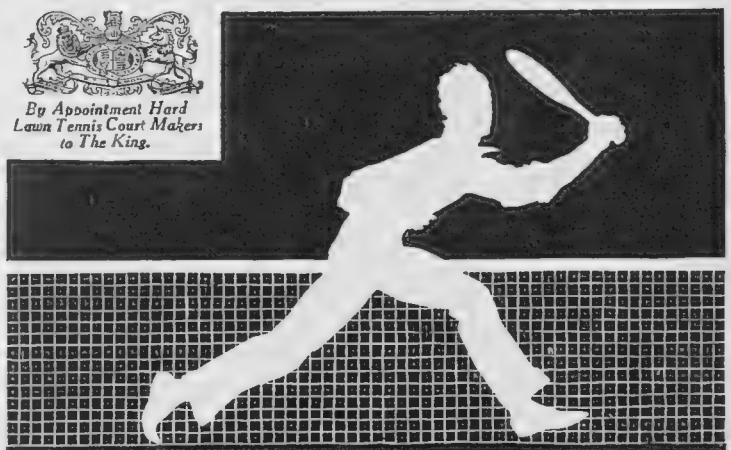

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BRIDGE COMPETITION No. IV

By "ACES EASY"

HAVING departed to restore the ravages of a year's bridge-playing, bridge-writing, and bridge-thinking, I return, a giant refreshed, prepared to set my readers' problems of unheard-of intricacy and subtlety! The one appearing this week was sent to me by a correspondent in the Argentine, who required of me the following facts: How should it be bid? How should it be played? I consulted a number of experts upon both points, and collated the answers. They seemed almost as diverse as the replies given by a random group of average players on the following hand I sent up to the late William Dalton when he was Card Editor of *The Evening Standard*, a hand subsequently set in a competition organised by that eminent authority in company with Mr. A. E. Manning Foster a few years ago.

That hand was: *S*—A; *H*—A, K, 8, 7, 6, 4; *D*—A; *C*—A, J, 7, 3, 2. The answers I received from the "average" players were:

One or two No Trumps.
One, two or three Hearts.
One Club!

Mr. Dalton ruled "Four Hearts." In the subsequent competition in which he set the problem, he gave "One Heart" as the correct decision. I myself inclined to the call of "Three No Trumps," in which I have been supported by a number of excellent players who are yet known only in their own limited circle of acquaintances. The acid test of actual experience—dealing the other cards over and over again—showed that, in 100 random deals, in 88 cases it mattered not which was called; in 7 the No-Trump pre-emption was the best; in 5 the Heart pre-emption.

❋

I TRUST that all my readers who glance at THE BYSTANDER Competitions and are interested in them will enter for them, for several of the problems are quite simple, requiring only judgment; some need only observation; and the balance will yield to treatment if reason is brought into play.

Bystander Bridge Competition—IV

South deals the cards as follows:—

S—A, K, x.
H—K, x, x.
D—K, Q, J, x, x, x.
C—x.

North

S—10, x, x, x, x. W E *S*——.
H—Q, x, x, x. e a *H*—9.
D——. s s *D*—10, x, x, x, x, x.
C—A, Q, J, x. t t *C*—K, 10, x, x, x, x.

South.

S—Q, J, x, x, x.
H—A, J, 10, x, x.
D—A.
C—x, x.

(i) How should the hand be bid? 20 points.

(ii) How should the hand be played? 20 points.

COMPETITION RULES

1.—Every entry must be accompanied by the coupon appearing at the bottom of this column. There is no limit to the number of solutions which may be submitted by any one competitor, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon

2.—Only one unqualified bid is permitted in Part (i) to each player on each round. Alternative calls are disallowed.

3.—To the second part, the solution should be set out in four columns thus:

W.	N.	E.	S.
D—3	*D*—2	*D*—3	*D*—K

The card winning the trick should be underscored; the card immediately below the underlined card is deemed to be led to the following trick.

4.—All solutions, addressed to: Bridge Competition, "Bystander," Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2, must reach this office by Friday, August 16. The answers and awards will be published as soon as feasible.

5.—The first prize of £5 5s. will be awarded to the solution having the greatest number of marks. In the event of a tie it will be awarded to the first solution opened, but no entry will be opened before the closing date. Six Consolation Prizes of Two Packs of special "Bystander" Linette Cards will be awarded to the nearest, or tying, entries. Five marks are awarded for each bidding query; twenty for Part II.

6.—The decision of the Card Editor (who will be pleased to answer any questions on Bridge) is final.

BYSTANDER COUPON—IV

Cut this out.

August 7/29.

your own 'movies' cost only 4/7 per 1,000 pictures

can you resist it—movie-making at such a price? Think of the number of jolly reels you can make—costing only 4/7 each, including developing! This is really practicable amateur cinematography, on famous 9.5 m/m filmwith a compact and inexpensive camera—the

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DOGS

PHEW! STOP that SCRATCHING!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SPRATTS, the famous caterers for doggy needs, have in hand the benching and feeding of two attractive Shows fixed for to-day, Wednesday—one at Portsmouth and the other in the pleasant venue of Tunbridge Wells. To-morrow Spiller's bench and feed Shows at Tring and Bakewell. To-day's Tunbridge Wells event includes working Sheepdog trials: always worth watching.

S

As invariably happens at this season (when the dog star Sirius is in the ascendant!), readers are just now sending in enquiries regarding signs of skin trouble among their Dog friends. "So unpleasant to see the poor dears scratching, living with us in the house as they do," one lady laments. Ummm! Not too pleasant for the poor dears themselves either, who feel it as well as see it. And there's certainly no relief to be obtained from the method of another correspondent, who appears to delude herself with the notion that taking her dogs off meat and putting them on milky diet in hot weather should meet the case. It never will. Sloppy, semi-liquid food is *never* good for dogs, who need, all the time, the best quality *hard* biscuit foods, and cannot thrive on a dietary which makes no real demand upon their *teeth*. Pray remember that it is not only in warm weather but in cold as well that this holds good.

Topical Press

THE SMILE OF VICTORY

Champion Pugilist, a winner of 15 firsts, shown lately at the Championship Dog Show at Cardiff, owned by Mrs. J. Wals

BUT in this important matter of skin irritation, dietary change does not always cover the ground, and neglect of marked symptoms sometimes brings serious results which may take months to remedy. Far better take no chances. Where real disease is even faintly suspected, call in the canine specialist, and make sure of correct diagnosis, failing which adequate treatment is, of course, unlikely. Don't forget that mange shares, with distemper and worms, the dismal distinction of first place among canine ills. In these days, when science has made the path of the Dog-owner easy, there's no excuse for neglect of the safeguards and preventives (better than the best cure) that it offers.

S

SPRATTS, with their accumulated knowledge of Doggy pathology, now have on the market a specific called Mangex, which kennelmen and maids swear by, even as a cure for the dread scourge of mange itself. But what makes it of peculiar interest to all ordinary dog-keepers, and especially all whose dog friends share their homes with them, is that, apart from mange-curing, this preparation—the tins cost only eighteenpence—is harmless to any animal in health, and is said to be a perfect insecticide. Whilst safe it improves a dog's coat and exterminates insect life. Simple and cleanly, it commends itself for use without waiting for actual trouble to declare itself, especially in warm weather.

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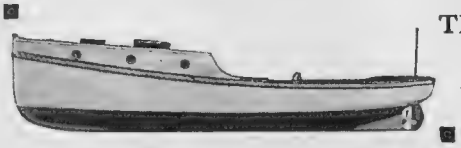

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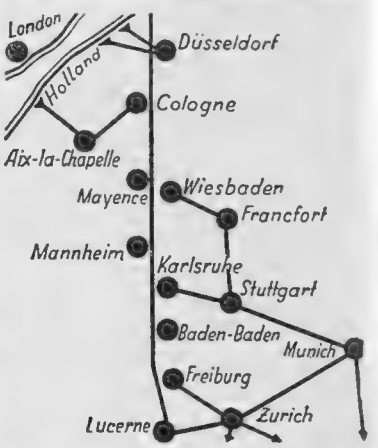

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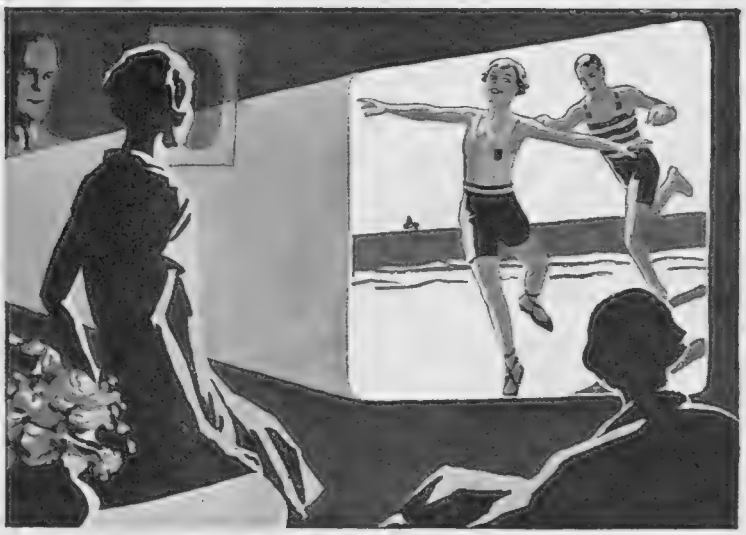

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SEVENTEEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS

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Fish Omelette

Separate the yolks and whites of three eggs, and sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, nutmeg and one dessertspoonful of Parmesan cheese; beat all together. Take a good tablespoonful of any cooked white fish and cut it up into small pieces. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites very lightly to the yolks, etc. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelet-pan, pour in the eggs, let them set a little, then put in the fish and stir all together till the omelette is cooked; turn it towards the handle of the pan, and with a spoon or egg-slice turn it over for a moment, and then slide it carefully on to a hot dish.

Veal Ragoût

Cut about 1 lb. of fillet of veal into thin slices and then into small dice. Peel a fairly large onion, slice thinly, and fry to a pale colour. Then put in the meat, season with salt, pepper and paprika, and cook in a few minutes. Flour the meat, mix well, and add a cupful of stock and a small glass of claret. Allow this to cook slowly for about an hour. When half done, add some potatoes cut up small. Mix a little cream with the sauce before serving and serve very hot.

Chicken Salad

Break the white part of a lettuce into pieces and place in a bowl. Cut some cold chicken into neat joints and arrange round. Cut two hard-boiled eggs into slices and garnish the salad. Work the yolk of one raw or hard-boiled egg very smooth, work in separately one salt-spoonful of salt, one of pepper and dry mustard, the same of sugar, and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Add drop by drop two good tablespoonfuls of salad oil and beat well. Chop half a tablespoonful of shallot, the same of parsley, and mix in. Add half a gill of cream gradually, and pour over the salad.

Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres Variés

Fish Omelette

Veal Ragoût

or

Chicken Salad

Roast Saddle of Lamb

Creamed Potatoes Green Peas

Compôte of Melon

or

Raspberry Fruit Ice

Marbles in Aspic

Compôte of Melon

Put 1 lb. of loaf sugar into a pan, and add to it one pint of cold water and a few drops of lemon juice. Boil fast, simmering it well with the lid on till it is reduced to about half. Have ready a peeled melon with the seeds removed and cut into pieces about two inches long and half an inch thick. Lay these pieces in the syrup, add a pinch of cinnamon, and simmer very gently for about ten minutes. Then draw the pan off the fire and let it remain till quite cold. Arrange the slices in a glass dish and strain the syrup over.

Raspberry Fruit Ice

Rub about half a pound of raspberries through a hair sieve and mix with half a pint of syrup, then pour into a freezer and freeze in the usual manner. Stir another half-pound into the frozen mixture, and mix with a gill of whipped cream. Serve in small cases with a couple of raspberries placed on top of each.

Marbles in Aspic

Take some potted meat, flavour it with pepper and salt and mix with cream, form into balls the size of marbles; pound the yolk of an egg with some cream, cayenne and salt, and form into balls; fill some little moulds three-parts full of aspic, and when set arrange three of the balls in each mould, fill up with jelly, and serve with mustard and cress arranged round.

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The MARTINI
⅔ Martini Vermouth
⅓ Dry Gin
1 Dash Orange Bitter
Squeeze of Lemon peel

MARTINI & ROSSI
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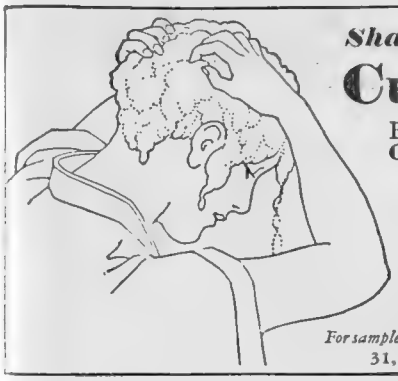

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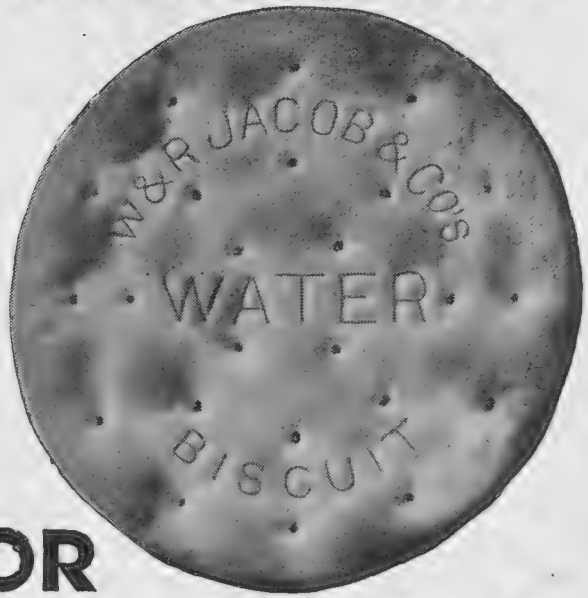

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Sold loose, in half-pound packets or in the new **2/-** *tin*

THE EDITOR'S BOX

C. D. Geddes

THE SAVING HOPE

Here is seen the loading up of cases of "Victoria Vat" provided by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Ltd., for the Antarctic voyage of the S.Y. Discovery. We are informed that there is no Prohibition or Early Closing in the Antarctic

To South Africa

Year by year distance appears to lend enchantment to a holiday. South Africa, for instance, of late has become increasingly popular with those who wish to escape from the rigours of an English winter. Here can be found a wonderful climate, magnificent scenery, and excellent facilities for all kinds of summer sports and pastimes. To those who can spare the time not only the well-known sights should be visited, but on venturing off the beaten track much interest can be found in studying the life of the country. The Union Castle Line have already published the list of sailings suitable for those wishing to spend Christmas and New Year in South Africa, and full information can be obtained from the head office, 3, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3, or from the West End Agency, 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

A New Hotel

Last week-end a new hotel, the Royal-Picardy, was opened at Le Touquet. Situated in a lovely green setting between the sandy beach and the forest, it claims, with some justice, to be one of the most beautiful hotels in the world. The attractions of Le Touquet will be enhanced by this new venture, where luxury and comfort go hand-in-hand.

A Coming of Age

At a luncheon recently given to celebrate the coming of age of "His Master's Voice" gramophone records a party of musical folk were let into the "holy of holies," the jealously guarded factory where 8,000 people are engaged—and one of the most wonderful works in the world. When the pressing-room was opened in 1908 some 700 records were made in a week—now over half a million are turned out each week. To-day, by scientific and completely accurate methods of design, "His Master's Voice" gives electrical reproduction of music in every possible form so faithfully that only experts can tell the difference from the original. Now Radio has become an integral part of the industry, and from that they have gone on to Talking Films.

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To those on pleasure or business bent to South America, the Hamburg-South American Line which sails for Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires offers facilities. Those who wish to take short tours to France, Spain, Portugal, and the Canary Islands are also catered for. Sailing from Hamburg, English passengers will find it most convenient to join these boats at Boulogne, which is a port of call. The fares are fixed at a very reasonable rate, and full information concerning these, times of sailing, etc., can be obtained from Messrs. Stelp & Leighton, Limited, 9-13, Fenchurch Buildings, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

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Gal toilet soap cares for the complexion and brings its beauty to fuller bloom. Its cool and cream-like lather is kind as a caress, coaxing out every particle of dust from the pores, leaving the texture refreshed and fragrant. It is the only luxury soap that can be obtained for a shilling (and the tablet lasts a little longer than your usual soap).

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Service Advertising F.S. 436.

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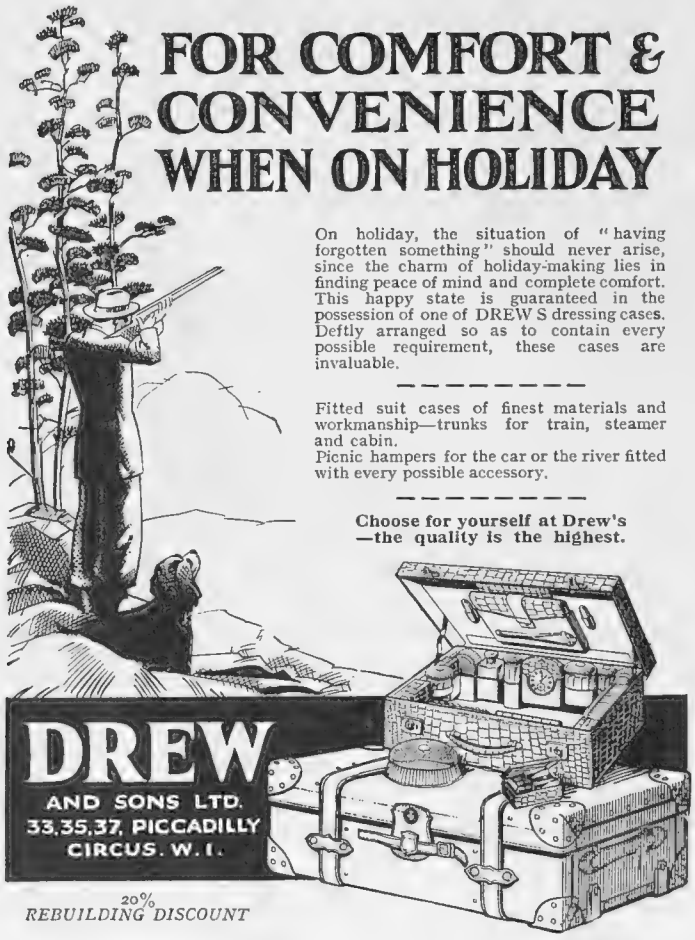

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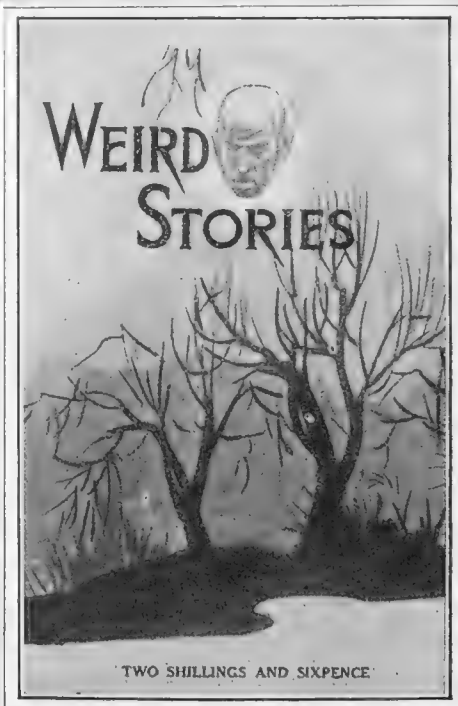

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SEQUENCE 1

FADE IN

Narrative : Mayfair—early in the morning.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

A few mixing shots of Mayfair streets—Berkeley Square and Grosvenor Square, Park Lane, etc., showing old and new buildings and flats jostling each other.

Usual tradesmen's delivery carts, milk-floats, dust-carts, etc.

A car containing belated dancers in evening dress

A ragged tramp, with eye to main chance, surreptitiously pockets two bottles of milk from an area-stairway.

Mixing shots end at entrance to large block of flats.

Track camera forward rapidly to show three or four lugubrious looking men arrive at quick intervals.

In entrance hall they toss their cards to porter, who takes them carelessly; he is used to this crowd.

Head of stairs—lift and long corridor—lugubrious persons marching along at decent intervals

Imposing door of flat, bearing name on brass plate : "Lord Egerton Scroop." Butler—Henry Hart (a well-nourished person)—is examining the visiting card of a lugubrious individual, whom he admits disdainfully Door closes. Another person arrives and is similarly admitted

Handsome Adam dining-room; a lugubrious person being admitted through room door—round the table sit a dozen other lugubrious persons—all resting hands (holding bowlers, wash leather gloves, large envelopes), on the handles of neatly-folded umbrellas.

Hart inspects the company, counts them roughly and exits. In the hall he closes dining-room door and quietly locks it. He crosses hall and—

Goes out through front door.

He fixes on the outside of the door a card : which reads : "Lord Egerton Scroop has been summoned suddenly to the bedside of a dear relative . . . He left London this morning."

MIX TO

A comfortable bedroom : *Track shot* to a handsome young man in bed. . . . .

GLOSSARY

of Technical Terms used.

FADE IN (OUT)—Gradual transition from total darkness to fully-lighted scene, and vice-versa.

MIX—Scene composed by superimposing the first few feet of one shot on the last few feet of another : indicates transition (of time or place) usually by a creation of contrasts.

SUPERIMPOSE—Two subjects photographed on the same negative to amplify one another.

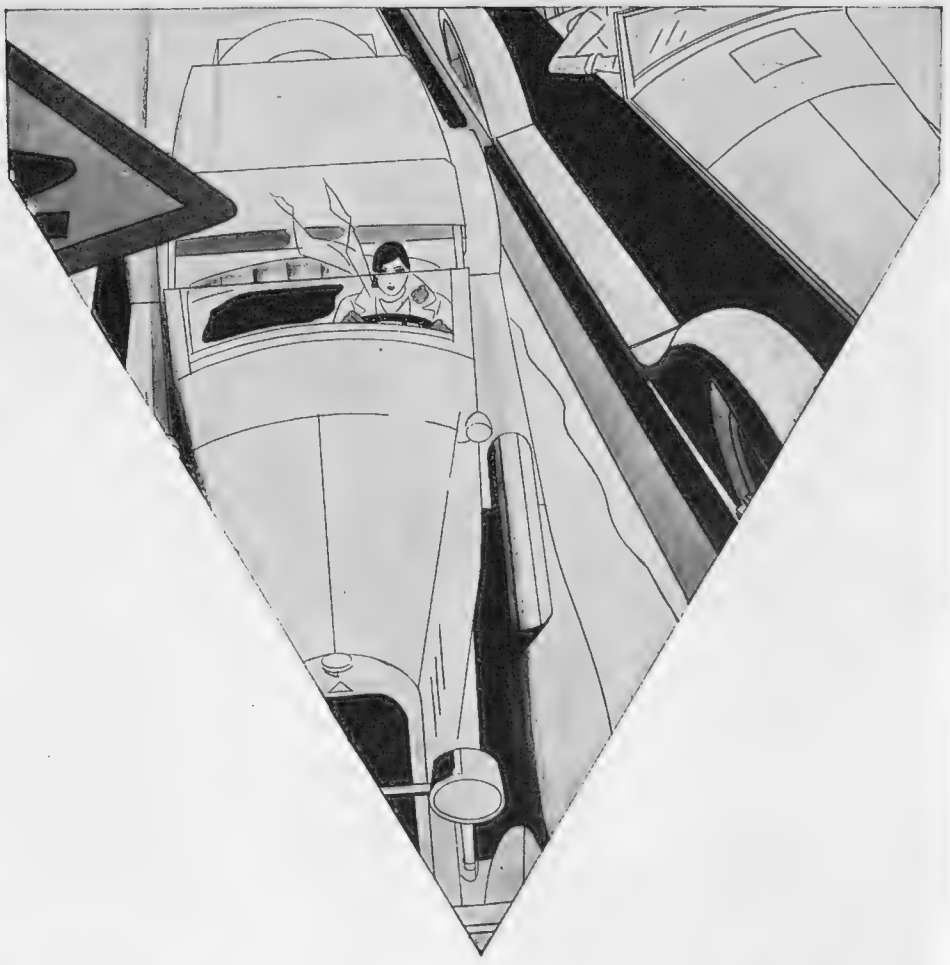
LONG SHOT—Scene taken at any distance other than one suitable for reproducing intimate detail.

GYRO SHOT—Scene taken by camera mounted on a tripod in the head of which is a gyroscope, the object being to secure smooth movement when camera is traversed or tilted to an angle: for example, when the subject photographed moves from one plane to another.

OVERHEAD TROLLEY (or CRANE) SHOT—Scene taken by camera attached to mobile crane or trolley on rails suspended from studio roof: used for photographing in different planes without altering camera mounting, camera flies, as it were, through the air.

TRACK SHOT — Scene taken by camera mounted on a mobile trolley running on lines on the studio floor, used for following a character on the level.

British National Newspapers, Ltd.



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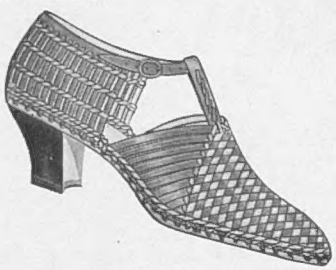

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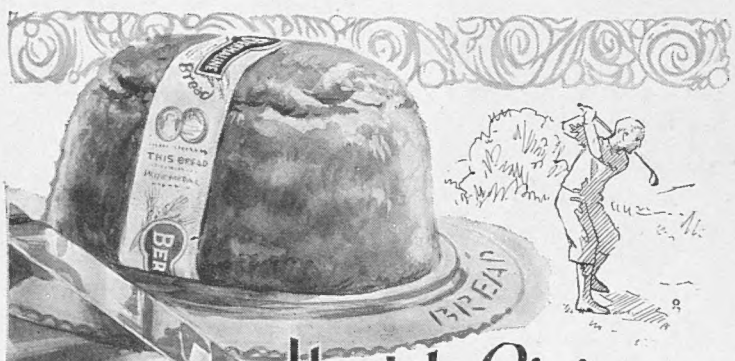

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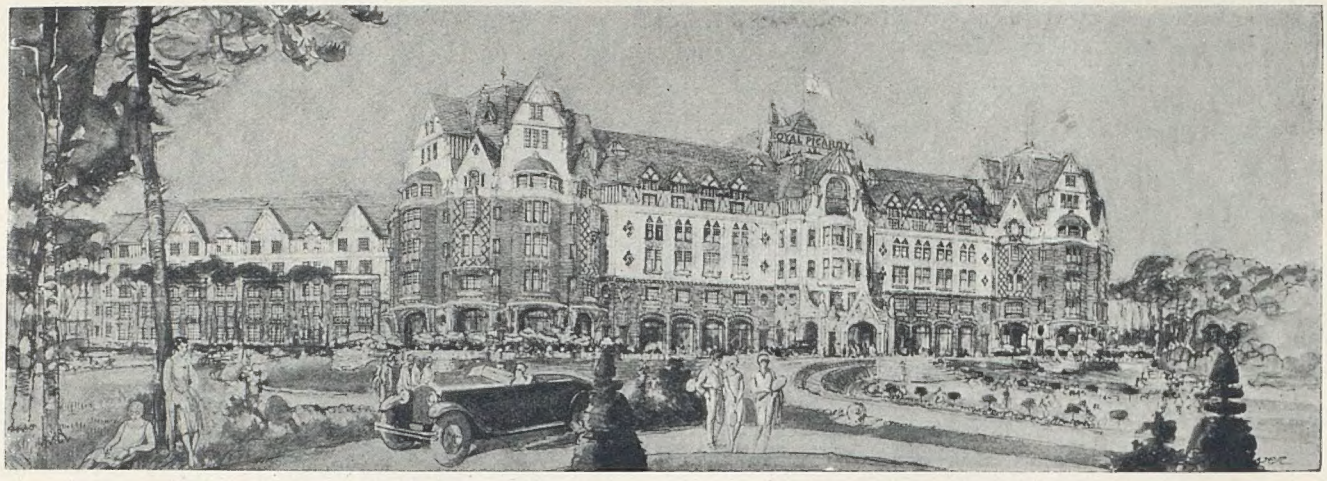

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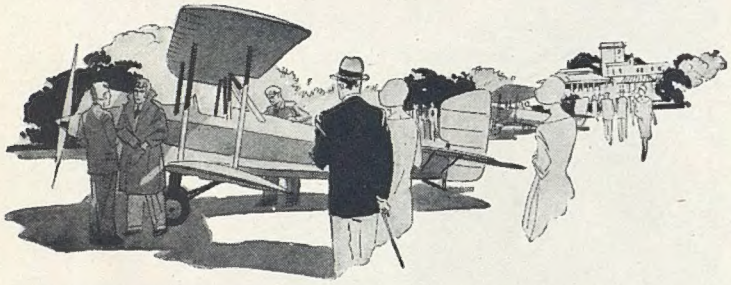

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